

# The Sketch



C. HENTSCHEL. 59

No. 208.—VOL. XVI.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1897.

SIXPENCE.  
BY POST, 6½d.



MISS ETHEL HAYDON AS THE CIRCUS GIRL, AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

## OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.

## WHAT THE FRENCH CHILD KNOWS OF ENGLAND.

Whoever compiles school histories must take the responsibility for prejudices that no after-rectifying of facts will wipe out. A detail overwrought will impress children more than the main fact baldly told, and may remain to blur like a ghost impression on a photographic plate all precise knowledge and all reason. But what principally simmers in these boiled-down essences of history is national prejudices, a matter not trifling in consideration that the bulk of the people do not verify afterwards what they learned in school. Class histories register and perpetuate the national view-point, and so may have an influence on international affairs.

What we learned, as children, of other nations is a matter of course to us, it is the national conception; but to the nations in point our ideas might cause some surprise, and the probability of this grows when we know what the children of other nations are learning about us. Nothing, in fact, is more curious than to see the characters and episodes of our own history stewed down in a saucepan not English. Not that French class-books are hostile to us; they are generally courteous and fair, but their view-point is French.

Henry VIII. is described to French children as the Nero of modern times, "a debauched and bloody prince." "There is, happily, neither in the history of France nor in that of Germany such a sovereign as Henry VIII., who recalls the worst Emperors of Rome" (Ducoudray). The following comment on Henry's reign has its piquancy: "At the field of the Cloth of Gold," says Victor Duruy, "Francis eclipsed his guest by his address and by the rare elegance of his manners, and so, instead of gaining the friendship of the English, wounded their vanity. Charles Quint, more adroit, went to find Henry at Gravelines as a modest suppliant, greeted him with the name of father, pensioned his minister, Wolsey, to whom he promised the tiara, and thus secured the English alliance."

The following quotations are from an able little summary on the recommended list of the Minister of Public Instruction, called the "Petite Histoire d'Angleterre," by Paul Lacombe.

Of the followers of William the Conqueror it is said, "Herdsmen and peasants born mounted to the condition of gentlemen and great proprietors, and this is the origin of the proudest aristocracy there is in the world."

Of the war with Holland in 1665: "The riches, the colonies, the vast commerce of Holland dazzled England; this was the true reason of this war, which the English began by chasing Holland from one of her footholds in Africa." After the war: "The English have never been patient; they demanded an expiatory victim; the lot fell on Clarendon."

Of William of Orange: "He was ambitious for the throne of England, because he wished to make this country the head and principal force of an European confederation against France."

Of the Crimean War: "England cared little enough about the Latin Christians, but she regards herself as interested in maintaining the empire of the Turks."

Of the preponderant rôle of England in recent years: "This influence she has oftenest exercised at the expense of her ancient enemy, France."

Concerning the revolution of Louis Philippe: "Lord Palmerston was Minister of Foreign Affairs. He was an Englishman of the old rock, jealous to excess of the least growth of other Powers." And of the Revolution of 1848: "The English Government recognised without difficulty the French Republic, and Lord Palmerston counted that France as Republic would be less strong than before, an idea not displeasing to his excessive patriotism. For the same reasons and in perfect security herself, on account of her insular position, the English Government encouraged and saw, with egoistic satisfaction, the events unroll that reduced for the moment Austria to extreme feebleness, Prussia to embarrassment, Russia to inquietude, and chased from his estates the Pope, always odious to the mass of the English people."

In 1870 "France was beaten, crushed, and England looked on without budging at the defeat of the nation that was her rival in former times, and has been her useful ally since. She alone could have helped France because she alone sympathised with her."

"This country (England) seems to have had for mission to show the rest of the world how the superior races of Europe are destined to conquer and civilise the inferior races, and to occupy vacant territory in other parts of the globe; but, to be just and accurate, it must be said that England up to this time has shown rather how to exploit inferior races than how to civilise them."

"The other mission of England has been to create, bit by bit, and often without realising it herself, a kind of government unknown to antiquity, that is up to now the last word of political art, the parliamentary government."

And to sweeten the doses there is a pretty summing-up—

The national character that the history of England has formed is assuredly of a superior quality. Robust of body, patient and tenacious of will, with activity and a capacity for work without equal, adventurous, with great courage in face of danger, gifted in exceptional individualities with imagination strong even to violence, and genius of observation, with induction carried to the last precision, the people that has produced Shakspere and Milton possesses a national genius that no other nation can flatter itself, all said, to surpass. The English is certainly one of the two or three types the most beautiful that the human race has produced.

## THE DISASTER IN THE NIGER PROTECTORATE.

## A CHAT WITH DR. FELIX ROTH.

The opinion has been expressed that, judging from its climatic conditions, there can be very little more than the thickness of a sheet of brown paper between Sierra Leone and the Infernal Regions. Whether or not this be the case, one cannot, of course, discuss, but it is certain that there is another British possession along this inhospitable coast which from the nature of its position and insalubrity of its surroundings is even more closely in touch with the regions aforesaid. Situated for the greater part in the low-lying mud-flats of the Niger Delta, the area controlled by the Niger Protectorate is little better than a huge swamp, out of which deadly miasma caused by the rotting vegetation is continually rising, making the country a veritable death-trap to the white man who is plucky enough to attempt to battle Nature in these her strongholds. The news of the disaster on the road to Benin City has attracted public attention to this deadly region, and as everything points to a punitive expedition starting very shortly for the capital of the sable autocrat who rules in those parts, I have had a chat with Dr. Felix Roth (writes a *Sketch* representative), who has in his capacity as medical officer lived in the country for several years.

Judging from his appearance, the terrible nature of the climate has, so far, had little effect on him. Tall, wiry, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, the doctor looks every inch the man for the trying post he has so long occupied, namely, that of one of the medical officers in charge of the station. He told me that he had the great advantage of arriving in the country thoroughly "salted," as it were, from the results of many years' hard living in the Bush of Northern Queensland, coasting round New Guinea and elsewhere. Fever, therefore, which is inevitable to the new-comer, had no terrors for him. Our conversation naturally turned on the topic of the day and the likelihood of a British expedition to these parts.

"Of course," said the doctor, "I cannot pass an opinion from a military point of view; but, judging from the '94 Benin River expedition, which was practically in the same district, more men would be bowled over through the climate than through the natives. Apart from the ever-present dangers from fever, the difficulties which the actual nature of the country presents, though only a distance of about eighty miles as the crow flies has to be traversed, must not be overlooked. There are no roads except the narrow paths cut by the natives through almost impenetrable jungle. The first part of the expedition would undoubtedly be by river, for which purpose launches and boats would be requisitioned, as in the case of the attack on Nana's stronghold in '94. It goes without saying that, notwithstanding all difficulties, the result would be a foregone conclusion, though, as the Beninites are a warlike nation, the expedition would not be exactly a walk-over. The nature of the country lends itself so readily to ambuscades that every precaution in the way of clearing the bush on either side of an advancing column, by means of Maxim guns and continual volley-firing, has to be resorted to, though no enemy may be in sight. During the last expedition I was medical officer in charge of the Niger Coast Protectorate Forces, and it took us eight hours to do two miles through the swampy jungle, the water and mud being nearly up to our waists the whole time, and, as we were in continual dread of an attack from the natives in the dense bush, our position was anything but pleasant."

"What are the feelings of the natives towards their King?"

"You must understand the King is a fetish amongst them; his word is law, and he is in every respect so absolutely an autocrat that there are positively no bounds to his will—or the fear which it inspires. I have heard of his placing his stick on the ground across a pathway to bar the passage, and no native would have the temerity to cross it, though it might remain for months unguarded. The same with trade. He has lately decided that no palm-kernels shall pass out of his dominion, which thus paralyses the one great industry of the district. Heaps of other senseless laws have recently also been promulgated by him as suggested by his caprice of the moment. For many years he has in every way prevented the intercourse of his people with the white trader, and his removal from the district and the opening up of the Benin country would therefore mean a large increase in the trade and revenue of the Protectorate. Apart from commercial benefits, the removal of such a fetish ruler is to be desired, putting a stop, as it certainly would, to the wholesale slaughter which is yearly taking place by his order."

"Then there is no exaggeration in the stories of the few travellers who have been permitted to enter the city?"

"None whatever. I have met two men who have assured me that it would be impossible to describe the horrors which present themselves on all sides as the city is entered. Men and women crucified, impaled, or half-buried alive in the ground, by order of the King, all testify to the horrible superstition which guides this monster in all his actions."

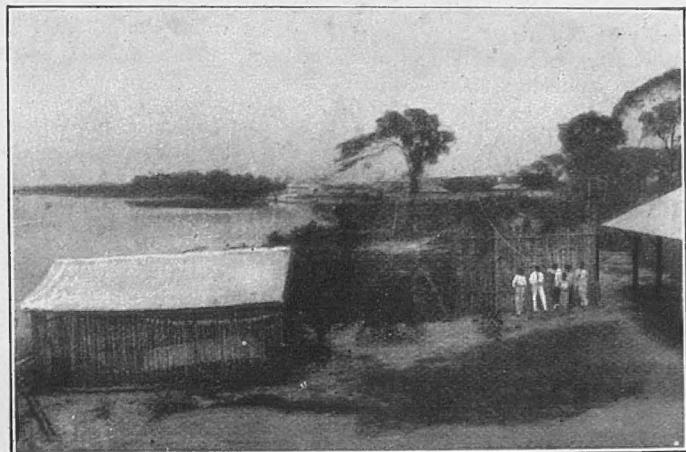
"With regard to the fighting strength of the nation?"

"Well, I can only tell you, and this is from what I have been told by traders who have been there, that a certain number of the younger men are trained for soldiers, and on the traders' visits would give an exhibition of their prowess in wrestling, &c. Their knowledge and stock of firearms is limited. What they possess would most probably be the flint-lock 'Long Dane,' which they got through the traders. The arrival, therefore, on the scene of a substantial British force would, apart from its punitive character, in my opinion, have a far more convincing effect on the native mind than all the persuasive measures which have hitherto been adopted."

## SOME SCENES FROM THE NIGER.



WITHEY'S FARM, WARRI.



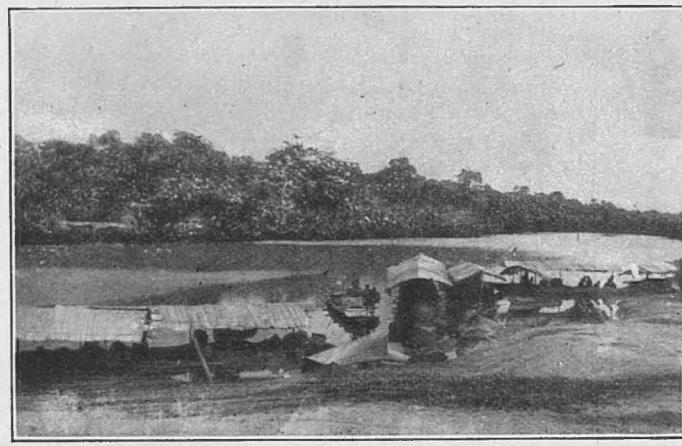
VIEW OF WARRI.



HOUSE AND YARD, ASSAGBA, ETHIOPE RIVER.



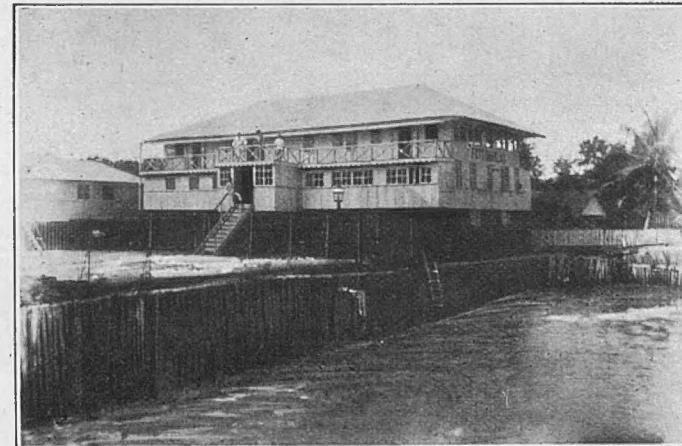
COOPER'S YARD, TRADING STATION, SAPELE.



MILLER BROTHERS' FACTORY, ETHIOPE RIVER.



GROUP OF PALM-TREES.



TRADING STATION, BENIN.



ACCRA CANOE CROSSING THE SURF.

## A MORAL BOOK DEMORALISED.\*

That a new edition of "Tom Jones" should appear under auspices so distinguished as those of Henry Fielding's great-granddaughter is a matter, perhaps, of more than casual literary interest. Miss Fielding is grieved that her illustrious ancestor's great work should, in her own chaste words, "be unknown to the rising generation." I know not where she collected her information as to the acquaintance of the rising generation with "Tom Jones," but she appears to take the matter for granted by reason of the deep sense which she has of her great-grandfather's shocking immorality. For she hopes that it is possible "to present his masterpiece in a decent garb," an opinion which significantly demonstrates her views upon the "decency" of its present "garb." For these reasons she has accomplished a bold and daring feat. She has expurgated her great-grandfather. She has prepared "Tom Jones" for the "rising generation,"

and, in her triumphant, if somewhat bilious, phraseology, "there is no valid reason why the book, as now revised, should remain in the Index Expurgatorius of the Domestic Library, nor why it should not be read wherever Dickens and Thackeray are read." This is her claim. It is worth while to examine how she has fulfilled her ambition.

She has, then, in her endeavour to remove "Tom Jones" from the Index Expurgatorius of the Domestic Library, omitted all the Initial Chapters of all the Eighteen Books, by way of what may be called a broad sweep into space of Fielding's superfluous wit. In the fourth Book she has omitted half of Chapter VI., the whole of Chapters VII., VIII., IX., X., half of Chapter XI., and a most important passage in Chapter XIV. In Book V., Chapter V. and part of Chapter VI., together with the whole of Chapters X., XI., and XII., are omitted. In Book VIII., Chapters XI., XII., XIII., XIV., and XV. are dismissed; important passages in the fifth, sixth, and seventh Chapters of Book IX. are omitted; equally important passages in the fourth and fifth Chapters of Book X., in the tenth Chapter of Book XI., and many other passages of perhaps lesser moment in the later books, are also the participants of Miss Fielding's frown. Add that the character of Squire Western is practically "gutted"—his very "damns" are watered into "hangs"—and that the inimitable titles to all the Chapters of all the Books of the whole work are ruthlessly cut out, and you have, at all events, some technical notion of the magnitude of the task by which Fielding's too-too moral descendant has striven to recompose the original work for the "rising generation."

It is obvious that a mutilation so extraordinary and, for the most part, so wilfully wanton must raise on all hands a multitude of questions and controversies. Why the "rising generation" should be deprived, say, of those eighteen greatly thoughtful and endlessly witty Initial Chapters of the Books, where there is no question of morality at all; why the very titles should be shorn from Fielding's epic scheme; why every contemporary phrase that lends colour and proportion or assigns a period to the novel—the "you was," the "Mrs." Western, and the rest—should have been most unscrupulously corrected according to the laws of the current Board School; why Squire Western should have his language improved beyond the dreams of a modern Member of Parliament, his loudest oath becoming no profaner than a "Zounds!"; why, indeed, it was necessary to consider the "rising generation" at all in the matter—these are a very few of the questions which may be left for answer to others rightly anxious in the cause of art. For the moment, taking a very essential point, I leave these important matters to (may it be said?) Mr. Frederic Harrison and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, prefacing my own investigations with a quotation from "Tom Jones," suppressed, and not unnaturally, by Miss Fielding.

"Contrast," writes Fielding, "runs through all the works of creation, and may probably have a large share in constituting in us the ideal of all beauty, as well natural as artificial; for what demonstrates the beauty and excellence of anything but its reverse? Thus the beauty of day and that of summer is set off by the horrors of night and winter. And I believe, if it were possible for a man to have seen only the two former, he would have a very imperfect idea of their beauty." "But," he adds, with that gorgeous gracefulness of his, by which he sets aside deep purpose in his seeming desire to entertain, "to avoid too serious an air."

Now it is as certain as the multiplication table that Fielding had a highly moral intention in the composition of "Tom Jones," and, after the fashion of his time, he showed the importance of morality by



HENRY FIELDING.

unswervingly punishing the guilty and rewarding the good through his machinery of fiction. But, as he happened to be a great creator of character, and as it was upon the character of Tom Jones, a mere man, that he lavished many of the resources of his genius, it was left to him, from his moral standpoint, to show that when his hero (being frail) strayed from virtue the world went awry, and that when he was strong the good things of life came back to him. For this reason the lovely Sophia is made by Fielding to be the goal of Tom Jones's virtue. The great writer himself makes the point—

"The delicacy of your sex" (says Jones) "cannot conceive the grossness of ours, nor how little one sort of amour has to do with the heart."

"I will never marry a man," replied Sophia, very gravely, "who shall not learn refinement enough to be as incapable as I am myself of making such a distinction."

"I will learn it," said Jones. "I have learnt it already. The first moment of hope that my Sophia might be my wife taught it me at once; and all the rest of her sex from that moment became as little the objects of desire to my sense, as of passion to my heart."

A man may or may not agree that Providence works so harmoniously to a desired end as Fielding describes; for purposes of moral fiction, however, it is clear from the two foregoing passages that the novelist, understanding with shining intelligence the virtue of contrast, of good set against evil, of the beautiful pitted against the ugly, considered himself justified in regulating his imaginary events after the methods of his ideal Providence. If there be any deep lesson in the book, it is that the love of a virtuous woman casts out lust; and if there be any personal moral intention on the part of the author, it is that prosperity attends the virtuous and deserts the vicious.

By the omission, then, of all the chapters and passages that have already been mentioned, it is here contended that Miss Fielding has converted the book from one with a moral purpose into one with no purpose at all. It is shown, for example, that a lapse from the ideal love, as described in the incident connecting Jones with Molly Seagrim, ends in disaster for the hero. These incidents are, in the new edition, carefully suppressed, and the disaster accordingly follows without any apparent cause. More, Miss Fielding seems perversely aware that this was actually Fielding's intention, for she does not hesitate to omit even quite harmless passages which conclusively prove it to be the writer's object. At the end of the eleventh Book, for example, the novelist turns to "look a little after other personages, and particularly poor Jones, whom we have left long enough to do penance for his past offences, which, as is the nature of vice, brought sufficient punishment upon him themselves." Will it be believed that these italicised words are entirely omitted by Miss Fielding? That the famous incident between Square and Molly Seagrim, which Fielding, true to his moral purpose, uses as the means of turning Jones from the ugliness of his looser passion to the charms of Sophia, is altogether swept away goes, of course, without saying; and those admirable chapters concluding the fifth Book (in which the fickleness of our common human nature is exposed by one of the greatest satirists of the world), where, after Jones's return to strong resolutions of virtue, a casual meeting sends conscience packing and delays the rewards of goodness, are with a like ruthlessness cut from the legend. It matters nothing after this that the Mrs. Waters incident is so wrapped up in the shrouds of mysterious hintings that it might just as well have been dismissed entirely, together with all the suggestions of the serious possibilities to which a reckless amour may lead, and which have no place save in the moral tapestry originally devised by Henry Fielding. Indeed, in view of her solemn determination to blot out every vestige of moral contrast from the book, whether of phrase or of essential purpose, Miss Fielding must be seriously remonstrated with for leaving that blushing passage in which Squire Western threatens to turn Sophia "out of doors, stark naked." In future issues of this marvellous edition I trust that the *Cheek of Innocence* will be more carefully considered.

In a word, not only has Fielding's great-granddaughter produced—I beg her pardon; "is the mother of" is the phrase she substitutes for that immoral word "produced"—the dullest edition of "Tom Jones" that ever was imagined, but she has also destroyed the whole moral purpose of its composition. To dump down a sign-post with the words written on it, "Here Tom Jones misbehaved himself," is to remove all that contrast by which, in Fielding's fine phrase, the beauty of the day and that of summer is set off by the horrors of night and winter. The purged book, to be brief, has not only ruined a great work of art; it has demolished, in its wild striving after the letter of morality, the whole moral spirit in which, rightly or wrongly, Fielding conceived his great design. Most of us will shrink sufficiently before the inartistic stupidity of this new edition; it remains for the Nursery to strike upon the rock of its morality.

## D—N PROGRAM!

The word "program" as practised by the *Star* and the *Chronicle* does get on one's nerves—

If programme mutilated be  
By losing final *m* and *e*  
(Although I never yet could see  
The ethics of the thing);  
Why cannot Mr. Massingham  
Remove the silent *b* of *lamb*?  
Though if he took the *n* from *damn*  
The word might lose its sting.

\* "Tom Jones," By Henry Fielding. Edited for the use of Modern Readers by his Great-Granddaughter, J. E. M. Fielding. London: Swan Sonnenschein.



THE MISCHIEF-MAKER.

## IBSEN CHEZ LUI.

"The most powerful man," says Ibsen, "is he who is most alone." Acting up to this dictum, the author of "John Gabriel Borkman" has done his utmost to resist and frustrate the wiles of the humble but nimble illustrated interviewer. So anxious is he to remain "alone" in the sanctity of his private life, that he always takes infinite trouble to telegraph broadcast official and categorical denials of the statements that may appear in any so-called interview, even when the offending paper is an almost unheard of and altogether insignificant publication. A certain M. Paul Ginisty seems, however, to have enjoyed somewhat exceptional opportunities, and the particulars he gives concerning the personality and surroundings of the great dramatist cannot but be of interest at a time when all Europe seems to be discussing his latest play.

It appears that in private life Henrik Ibsen is one of the most simple men in the world. Outward appearances trouble him but little; indeed, M. Ginisty hints darkly that his coat is rubbed and faded, and that several buttons are missing. The expressive, slightly ironical face, with the thin and tightly closed lips, immediately attracts attention. He expresses himself slowly and with little animation; his eyes are cold and lack fire; he is always polite, as courteous to his servant as to the most distinguished stranger.

His study is modest in the extreme. On the wall there is a very small book-case, containing a few books of reference; opposite this hangs a fine painting of the master, the only *objet d'art* in the room. Near the window stands the writing-table, placed in such a position that the author can, without rising from his work, watch the passers-by in the street below. Everything on the table is arranged with the minutest care. Ibsen is, above all, a lover of order and precision. "It seems extraordinary," remarks M. Ginisty, "that this poet, this impassioned dissector of souls, this physiologist whose life is absorbed in the study of storm-tossed and broken hearts, should suffer from a veritable archivist's mania for arranging, classing, and ticketing endless scraps of paper." The table is covered with countless little piles of documents all neatly done up in elastic bands. An enormous grey envelope is always full of letters that require answering. Ibsen's correspondence is very extensive: no one receives more agonising confessions from all parts of the globe, more earnest appeals for counsel from women who seem to look upon him as their spiritual director. He replies to nearly all, never hurriedly, sometimes after many days. His writing, which was at one time almost illegible, is now bold and clear.

On the table stand a few common and exceedingly prosaic-looking nicknacks: a small wooden bear and a bronze rabbit playing the violin are among the most prominent. These *riens de bazar*, as M. Ginisty calls them, are carefully grouped with that order which characterises everything in the room, and Ibsen entertains the strange fancy that it would be quite impossible for him to write without having them before his eyes.

The dining- and drawing-rooms are, in striking contrast to the modesty of the study, furnished in a severely luxurious style. On the walls hang French tapestries and a number of fine paintings, mostly belonging to the Flemish and Italian schools. Ibsen is decidedly an art connoisseur, and he has often been heard to declare that he would have been an artist if his father had not lost his fortune. The passion for painting still remains, and now that he is well off he has collected a number of fine pictures, nearly all the work of artists "discovered" by himself.

Ibsen is always very mysterious with regard to any new work he may contemplate. He works slowly, and re-writes his plays three or four times before finally giving them to the world. Several times he has consigned to the flames the work of many months, and the last version of his pieces often differs entirely from the first.

He works all the morning, and takes a short walk before dinner, which, according to Norwegian custom, takes place at three o'clock. Afterwards he goes out to a well-known café in University Street, the principal thoroughfare in Christiania, where he reads the papers. Here his admirers may converse with him to their heart's content. He rather encourages conversation, for this is his hunting-ground, this is his opportunity for studying human nature. Often there steals over the interviewer an uncomfortable feeling that his inner being is as an open book to the quiet man with the great head, and he wonders whether he too will some day figure in one of those awful tragedies where there is nothing, nothing but weeping and gnashing of teeth.

R. J. G.

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## THE MANSION HOUSE.

The little folk who honoured the Lord Mayor with their charming presence on Monday found the Mansion House fitter to receive such dainty visitors than it has been for many a day. It is, indeed, well that little Londoners should early come to know the Mansion House, for is it not the hub of the City? The building is nearly a hundred and fifty years old, and is built on the site of the long-forgotten "Stocks Market," a market for fish and flesh established by a Lord Mayor at the end of the thirteenth century, "where sometime had stood a pair of stocks." This market was swept away in the Great Fire, and in its successor stood a truly wonderful statue of the Merry Monarch, given by Lord Mayor Sir Robert Vyner, who purchased at Leghorn an equestrian figure representing "John Sobieski trampling on a Turk." Certain alterations were made in the principal figure, who was then christened Charles, the trampled infidel being then made to pass for Oliver Cromwell! This wonderful work of art, I believe, eventually found its way to Gaultby Park, Lincolnshire, the seat of Mr. R. Vyner, where, for all I know, it may still exist. When the present official residence of our Lord Mayors came to be built, the then Lord Burlington sent in a design by Palladio, which, says tradition, was rejected by the City, in consequence of an inquiry by a Common Councilman as to whether "Palladio was a Freeman, and whether he was not a Roman Catholic?" Eventually the designs of Mr. George Dance (not our comic opera librettist, but the then City Surveyor) was adopted; but when the foundations came to be dug, so full was the soil of springs that the building had to be erected on piles. It was not completed till 1753, and it cost a round sum of £70,000. The first Chief Magistrate to occupy it was Sir Crisp Gascoigne. The heavy façade had originally an attic storey, once familiarly known East of Temple Bar as the "Mare's Nest," but this was removed in 1842 to allow the construction of the lofty and magnificent ballroom ceiling which since that date has looked down on so many a gorgeous City function. The most historic room in the great building is, however, doubtless the Egyptian Hall, so called because it was constructed in imitation of that Egyptian Hall described by Vitruvius. Here the Lord Mayor gives those wonderful City banquets, and three hundred banqueters can feast within its spacious walls. Before the Mansion House existed, the Lord Mayor gave his banquets in one or other of the great halls of the twelve principal City Companies, or, on occasion, at his own house. It may not be generally known that the Chief Magistrate of the City takes precedence of even the royal family within the City bounds—a right that was once disputed at St. Paul's Cathedral by George IV. when Prince of Wales. It was firmly, however, maintained by the Lord Mayor, Sir James Shaw, and his action was confirmed by George III. By the way, that lumbering vehicle, the civic state-coach, so well known to Londoners, is nearly as old as the Mansion House. It was designed and painted by Cipriani in 1757, and cost about a thousand guineas, and it is said that it absorbs about one hundred pounds a-year to keep this Mayor's nest in thorough repair.

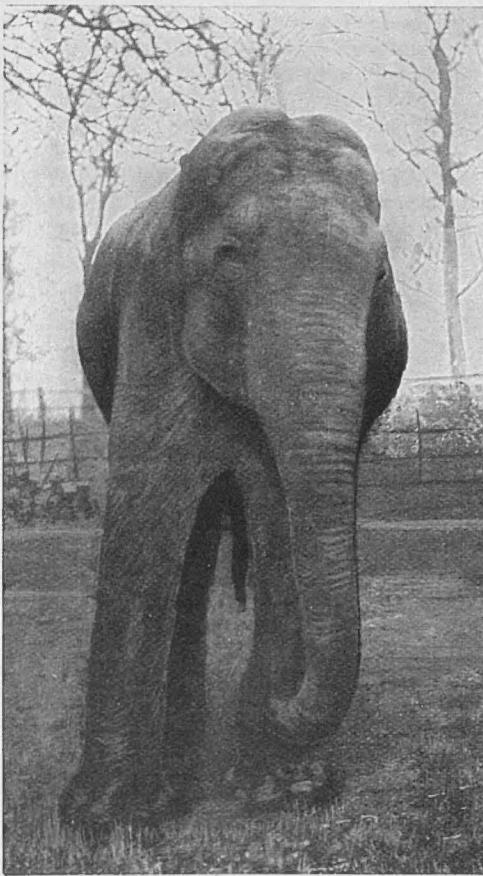
## BALLADE OF THE IMPORTUNATE TAILOR.

Dear sir, there is owing to you  
A trifling account, as you say,  
Which may be a bit overdue,  
Still why do you wish me to pay?  
I received your brief letter to-day,  
Though of debts 'tis but little I reck,  
I read with exceeding dismay  
That you really insist on a cheque.  
  
I am fully aware, it is true,  
That it's run since the middle of May.  
But why, for a hundred or two,  
Such importunate longings display?  
If it weren't for inducements to stay  
For the hunting, I think I should "trek"  
For a cycle or two to Cathay,  
If you really insist on a cheque.  
  
Do you think that a fiver would do  
Your groundless alarms to allay?  
I might add another thereto  
If you grant just a quarter's delay.  
The goose, it is said, will not lay  
Golden eggs if you once wring its neck;  
And this goose I am sure you will slay  
If you really insist on a cheque.  
  
ENVY.  
I now must proceed on my way  
To drown care in some Pommery see:  
For my hair will go rapidly gray  
If you really insist on a cheque.

J. D. H.

## SMALL TALK.

In my nursery days I used to read the story of an Indian elephant who, on his way to work, used to receive a gift of fruit from a tailor. One morning, the "ninth part of a man," being cross, presented the elephant with the business end of a needle instead of the usual gift, and the animal took his revenge on another day. The story comes back to recollection on reading of the sudden death of a circus man connected with Mr. Sanger's show, who was killed last Sunday week by an animal that had not seen him for some months. There seems no doubt but that the unfortunate man was cruel to the creatures under his charge—in fact, all the people there agree upon the question. He was sent away from the circus, came back after some months, and, imprudently enough, went within reach of the animal he had ill-treated. Whatever his sins, he has paid dearly for them; but in the tragic incident there is a world of thought for those who will think. Not once in a thousand times can the performing animal take revenge, neither the elephants who trumpet their indignation



CHARLIE.

Photo by Bliss, Lewes.

so loudly, nor the lions drugged with narcotics before their show, nor the bears starved and beaten, nor the others of these miserable creatures that would be so much better off in the hands of the slaughterman, whose procedure is at least quick and final. If performing animals could speak, and performing children dared to speak, how many of the smiling trainers would be able to face a British audience without meeting a storm of well-merited execration? So very few, I venture to say, that these revolting exhibitions would soon be as extinct as the dodo. I read that Mr. Sanger, Mr. Olliver, and Mr. J. D. Humphreys are all of opinion that the poor wretch killed must have ill-used "Charlie," and that he was "brusque." Though Mr. Sanger had promised to re-engage the man, it was on the understanding that he should have nothing to do with the elephants.

Apropos of animals, I give an interesting group of five young lion cubs (ten weeks old) and their foster-mother. They are the property of Lieutenant Frank Taylor of circus fame, who for the last eighteen years has had all sorts of animals under his care for training purposes. His speciality is lions and tigers, and he has never been attacked.

Some of the young men who "do" the "Zoo" for the dailies have been poking fun at the Society because some genius succeeded in "planting" on its officers a specimen of the horned viper (*Cerastes*) which had been furnished with a pair of false horns, probably made from the tips of porcupine-quills. The value of these reptiles varies in accordance with their size and, Mr. Jamrach tells me, the development of the so-called "horns." The *Cerastes* is the sacred reptile of ancient Egypt, but, in spite of its sanctity, may be purchased at the modest figure of a pound; a really fine example, though, costs four pounds. The South African variety, which is darker in colour and more beautifully marked, commands a price ranging from five to fifteen pounds. The indigent but inventive trader in snakes has thus sufficient temptation to turn a hornless horned viper into a respectable representative of his kind. What puzzles me is not how the operator inserted the horns in the skin—that may be done with ease, celerity, and safety—but why the reptile retained them. Presumably, the unfortunate creature was kept tied to a stick till the skin healed up round the "horns" and held them fast. My sympathies are all with the snake.

I am more than glad to find that a keen, clear-minded writer has at last arisen to throw light upon certain districts in the West End of town. These particular columns are not for book-reviews, and I have no wish to anticipate my able *confrère* in discussing the literary merit of Mr. Sherwell's new book, "Life in West London." But on the subject of Soho, its bogus clubs, its curious inhabitants, their manners and methods, I have often written in this place. The district has a fascination

for me. The vice and crime are commonplace enough in themselves; it is the strange conglomeration of the rogues and fools of many nations that gives to the place a *couleur locale* that no other part of London can match. It has long been my contention, and I am upheld by many authorities, that the hideous condition of Soho is a menace to the safety of ignorant people and to the proper jurisdiction of a great city. The bogus clubs that flourish in every street, the bullies and their accomplices who turn the place at night into a counterpart of the worst Parisian slums, the robbery and violence, the overcrowding, the sweating—all call for prompt and merciless suppression. If legislative power be needed, let it be forthcoming; we are being overwhelmed by the scum of other nations. It is impossible in the pages of a popular paper to even hint at all that might be said, but Mr. Sherwell's book supplies a long-felt want, and will, I hope, attract the public attention it should command.

Many and curious are the trials that actor and actress must go through to retain their composure or restrain their laughter when the little accidents to which every stage is heir suddenly decide to occur. I have been discussing some with theatrical friends, and reminiscence has brought to light some that are decidedly mirth-provoking. Perhaps the funniest occurred to a prominent tenor when he was singing with the Carl Rosa Opera Company not very long ago. "Lohengrin" was being presented, the last act was in progress, the Swan was preparing for the return to the Salvat Mountains, as though unconscious of impending transformation, the Knight of the Grail was preparing to take his vocal *congé*, when, *horribile dictu!* a telegraph-boy walked on the stage with his back to the audience, and went up to the tenor with the familiar envelope. The singer grasped it, the boy walked off quite unconscious of his surroundings, and the titters among the audience were mercifully few and far between. Perhaps in the moment of their amusement a fear lest the wire should bring bad news kept most people silent. The curious part of the incident lay in the fact that the telegraph-boy did not know he was on the stage. Had he looked behind him, his confusion would have made matters infinitely worse, and, as things were, the situation was bad enough.

It is certainly strange that, while France, Russia, Germany, Italy, Hungary, and a score of other countries and states, have found it necessary to legislate against street-noises and street-music, we are obliged to fall back on an association for the suppression of what is to many of us a very real and serious nuisance, interfering not only with health, but with work. The Association for the Suppression of Street Noises has just issued a curious little pamphlet to milk-dealers, who are certainly among the worst of offenders, for any light sleeper cannot but be awakened by the eerie shriek of the early-morning milkman. Doctors, by the way, are special sufferers from street-noises, for they have often to be up most of the night, and only drop off into a refreshing sleep to be awakened an hour later by the maddening cry of bread, milk, newspaper, and so on. As for the question of

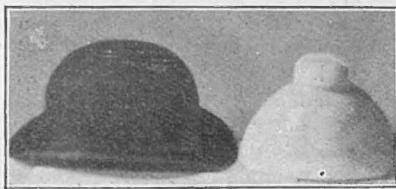


A GROUP OF LION CUBS.

Photo by Marsh, Bognor.

organ-grinders and street-bands, it is surely flogging a dead horse to say much of them, for, with the exception of a few healthy children and benevolent maniacs, no one but would gladly do anything in his or her power to abolish the nuisance.

There are many novel features incident to the transmission of power from the Falls of Niagara to the city of Buffalo, twenty-seven miles away. One of these is the type of insulator which is shown herewith, and which has been especially designed and constructed for this service. No others have ever been made of this size or pattern, because there never before has been any demand for them. Their size can be best demonstrated by



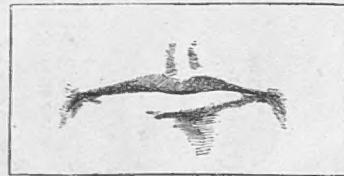
THE GIANT INSULATOR AT NIAGARA.

the comparison with a Derby hat made in the illustration. The design is known as the "double petticoat," by which arrangement it is impossible for the water of the atmosphere to find its way into the joint between the wood and porcelain, which would permit the escape of the current.

It is greatly to be doubted whether we shall ever see a British boom in snails, for, though the finer varieties are considered delicacies by Chinamen, and, indeed, be it whispered, by not a few Frenchmen, I fancy that most English-speaking folk would rather starve than eat a snail. Of course, it is all more or less a question of prejudice, for conchologists will tell you that there is far more pleasure to be derived from a "snailery" than from an aviary, for the little creatures are far from unintelligent, and, among the twenty varieties which all collectors hope to possess, some boast of shells which are, in their way, as beautiful in shape and in colouring as is the plumage of a bird. The most dainty and aristocratic member of the snail-world is found near San Francisco; its shell is pure white, spiral, and pointed, an inch long, and greater in length than in breadth. Another San Francisco snail is dark chestnut and lined with lavender. The rarest tint is pale lemon-colour; only one is to be found in every thousand specimens. But snail-lovers' happy hunting-grounds are to be found in the rice-fields of China.

There is, of course, no doubt that, where anything edible is concerned, one man's meat is another man's poison. The Stormy Petrel is known as the "mutton bird" in Australia, and has a considerable market value; indeed, of late years a regular fleet of mutton-birders engage each year in the business of catching, packing, salting, and carrying the fish-eating sea-bird whose presence is so dreaded by sailors. If the poor petrel only knew the fate awaiting him on Trefoil Island, he and each member of his family would spend more time in Californian waters, where they would be left severely alone.

Lobster-salad, excepting that produced with the aid of the tinned variety, is apparently an unknown delicacy "out West," for all the efforts of the United States Fishery Commissioners have not persuaded the Eastern lobster to take kindly to the Pacific Coast. Five hundred were lately taken across the continent from Massachusetts to Cypress Point, and during the long journey they were watched over with tender solicitude by a well-known naturalist. But it will not be till the twentieth century has dawned that it will be possible to tell whether lobster-fishing will ever develop into a Pacific Coast industry. Indeed, judging by the fact that what we call a lobster is hardly ever found in France—for nothing can vary more than the lobster eaten at Brighton from the *langouste* served at Havre—there does not seem to be much hope for the Californian gourmet.



THE THIN-LIPPED MOUTH



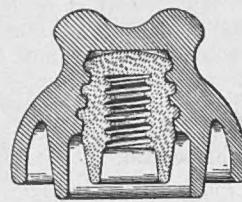
THE NERVOUS HAND.



THE SUSPICIOUS EYE.

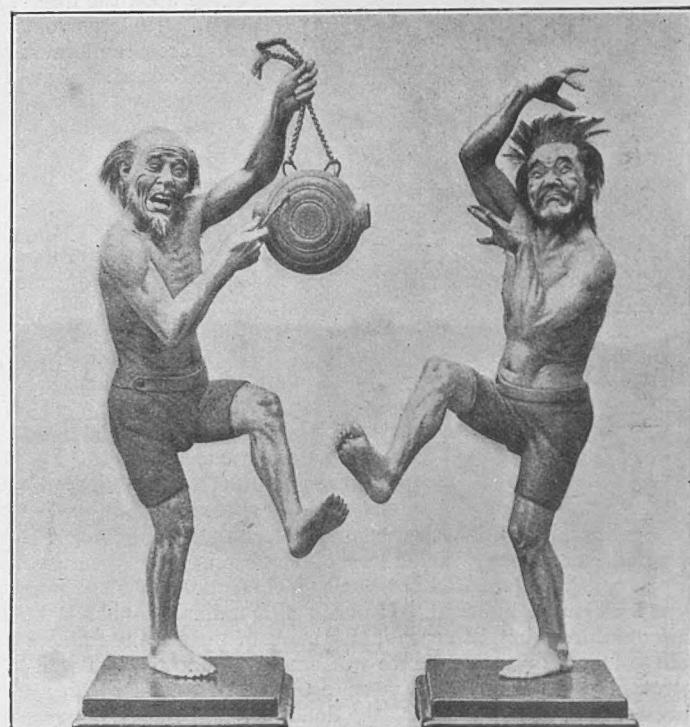
THE EFFECTS OF POLITICS ON WOMEN.

Most people seem to have an instinctive shrinking from the "political woman"—indeed, our American cousins claim that her very existence in their midst has produced certain actual physical changes in those ladies who too closely followed her example in the late Presidential campaign.



Very many men in London and Paris, to say nothing of capitals further afield, will learn with unfeigned regret of the death of M. Ernest Jurgens. He was the agent in Paris for Marcus Mayer, of New York, he presented to the public of Europe many and many a novelty, he was a good fellow, and had no enemy except himself. I have spent many small and pleasant hours in Paris with him, for although in the theatrical circle, he was not of it, and could be interesting on almost any topic. He "discovered" Otero and Juniori, and gave to Maxime's the splendid Hungarian band that plays from midnight until half-past three while Gayest Paris sups. His talent was considerable, he made a lot of money, and spent it freely and easily. Then came bad times, the old happy mode of life was impossible, he appealed for help to certain of the people whose position he had built up. Needless to say, assistance was refused, so he went home, turned the tap of the gas fully on, closed doors, windows, and chimney, and went to sleep. I suppose it wasn't very noble to give in; but he was an easy-going man, prompt to relieve distress, unable to endure it, and, whatever his faults, those who knew and liked him could have better spared a better man. I know that Paris will never be quite the same to me now Ernest Jurgens has gone, and I shall miss his rare but pleasant visits to town.

Japan is in every sense an artistic nation. The Japs live artistic lives, and it is therefore not surprising that art occupies a large part of their time. And yet this art is peculiar; still, it is fascinating for Europeans in the highest degree. The Jap painters are admirable delineators of



THE NEW YEAR DANCE: JAPANESE WOOD-CARVING.

life; their drawing is peculiar, but their colours are of extraordinary beauty. In carving in wood and ivory they are without rivals. Their work is fine almost to microscopic detail, and yet the big effect is preserved. The Jap is undoubtedly a humorist, notwithstanding his habitually serious face, and the celebration of a New Year far surpasses in comicality and absolute burlesque the wildest dreams of a pantomime artist in this country. The artists love to represent Japanese life as it exists—witness the extraordinary grotesqueness of the figures of the illustration. This is no exaggeration of the wild, almost fanatical, dances of any Japanese town at New Year time. They may not be beautiful, still, they are true to life, and are worked out in wood with extraordinary skill, which must command the admiration of all who appreciate the difficulty of such work.

The Flannel Shirt Club is the name of an association of which the Countess of Strafford is the president and Mrs. W. L. Courtenay vice-president.

Will Sidney Athanforte send me his address? Why will contributors pester one by omitting to write their addresses on manuscripts?

The world has heard plenty of late on the submarine-boat question; but it has remained for a Baltimore man to imagine and actually patent a train designed to run under water without rails or any kind of protecting and guiding channel. The engine will be a combination of torpedo and locomotive, travelling along the bottom of the sea on broad flat wheels provided with teeth to grasp the ocean bed! The cars attached to this strange Puffing Billy will look like giant cartridges. The inventor believes that his patent submarine train will lead to the recovery of many sunken treasures, for it is well known that water has no action on gold, and millions have disappeared even within a few miles of land. It looks as if Jules Verne's wildest romances were coming true.

A game that is growing in popular favour in America is that of basket-ball, which promises to become one of the foremost of winter indoor sports. During last winter and the present season numerous exhibition and match games have been played in conjunction with indoor athletic meetings, in which the public have displayed the liveliest interest. In some respects basket-ball resembles Association football, except that the passing is all done by the hand; goals are scored when the ball is lodged in the net, which is about four feet in diameter and suspended some eleven feet above the floor; no holding, tripping, or charging is allowed. The changes of play are very rapid, and the many skilful modes of passing and intercepting passes have to be seen to be properly appreciated. It is a very fast game, and to excel at it one must possess good eyesight, great activity, and precision of thought. Almost all the American colleges and public schools have their basket-ball teams, and inter-company matches among the regiments of the National Guard are also very popular. As the game is almost entirely free from rough play, it is being much followed by the fair sex, and at many of the ladies' gymnasium classes in America it is one of the principal recreations. One great feature of the game is that it can be played in any fair-sized gymnasium, armoury, or other building.

The threepenny novels that Messrs. Routledge are issuing are marvels of cheapness. Just thirty years ago the firm put out "The Prince of the House of David" at sixpence. Each volume of the series is quite as big—sometimes bigger—and is given for half the money. The issues are copyright novels, including Lever, Lover, James Grant, Lytton, &c.

It must be a quarter of a century ago—indeed, I think it was in the autumn of 1871—that an American friend of mine, who was staying in London, asked me if I knew Colonel John Hay, or had ever met with any of his works. To both questions I was compelled to reply in the negative, and I remember well the enthusiastic manner in which my

friend spoke of the Colonel, telling me of his many excellent qualities of head and heart, of his quiet humour, his restrained manner, and his wide culture; of his descent from one of the numerous Scottish clans of Hay, and of his ancestors of the period of the historic *Mayflower*. My enthusiastic friend returned to the other side of the pond, and when Christmas came I received a gift from him in the shape of a small volume of verse entitled, "Little Breeches, and other Pieces, Humorous, Descriptive, and Pathetic," by Colonel John Hay. I don't fancy the verses are very widely known in this country; the most widely, perhaps, is that of "Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle"—

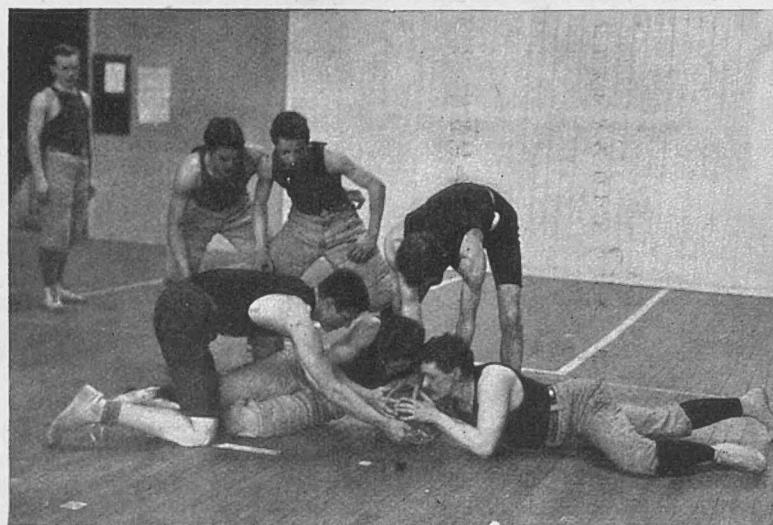
The oldest craft on the line,  
With a nigger squat on her  
safety-valve  
And her furnace crammed, rosin  
and pine.

That, "Little Breeches," whom the angels rescued from the great snow-storm—"a derned sight better business than loafing around the Throne"—"Banty Jim," and "The Mystery of Gilgal," are not only the most redolent of their author's nationality, but are the best things in the book. The "Wanderlieder" are reminiscent of Colonel Hay's European wanderings, and prove

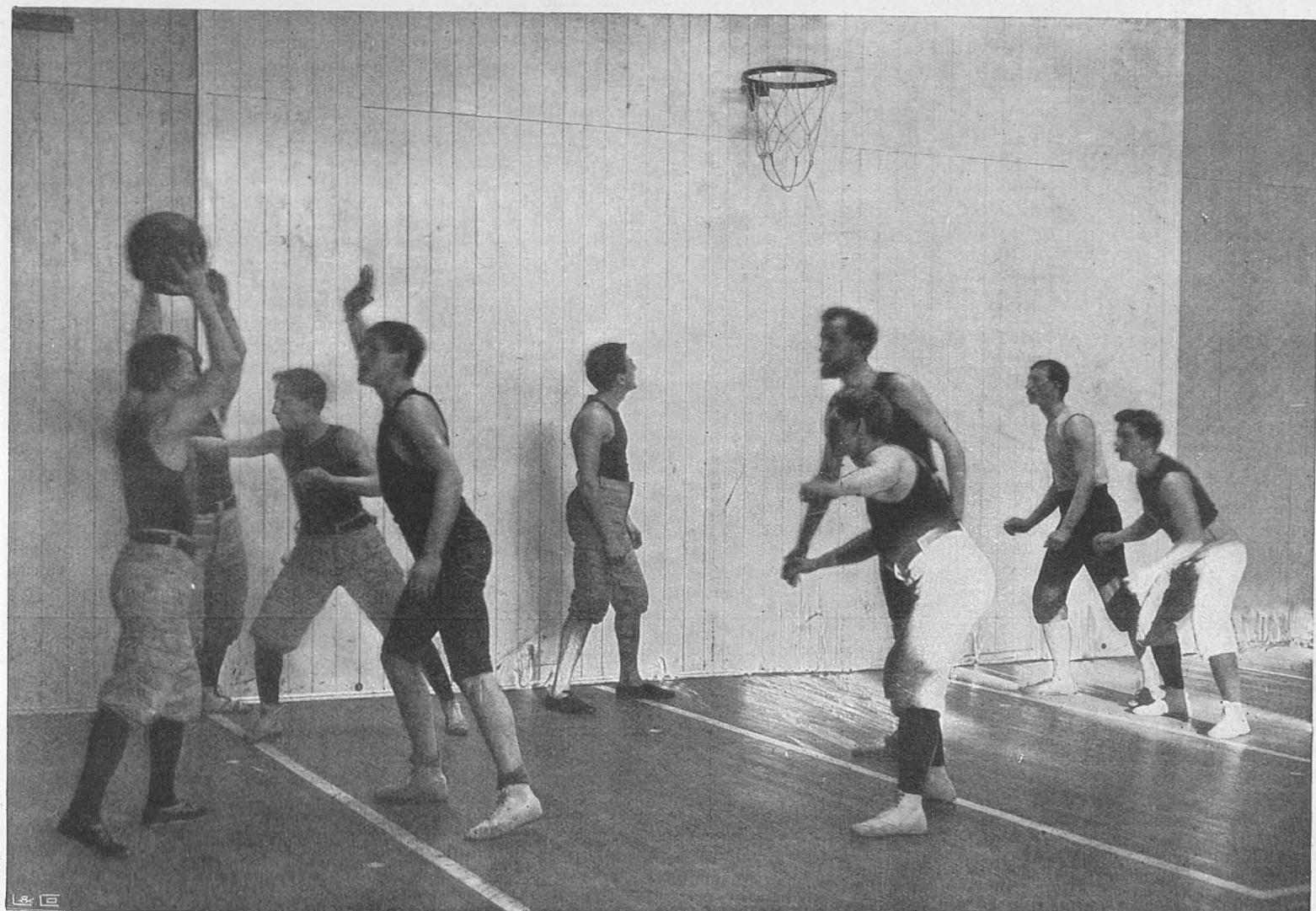
him, at any rate, to be cultured and appreciative. The Colonel too has, I believe, done excellent journalistic work, and he will doubtless find a warm welcome as Ambassador to the country of his forebears, and earn as wide a circle of friendships as his predecessors, James Russell Lowell and Mr. Bayard, should he be appointed to this office, as has been announced. May he be prosperous and successful in his new and important post, and, though he leaves the land of democracy for a continent where, in his own words—

As the meek beasts in the Garden came flocking  
For Adam to name them,  
Men for a title to-day crawl to the feet of a King,

let us hope he will find abundant happiness and comfort among us, the titles notwithstanding.



A SCRUMMAGE.



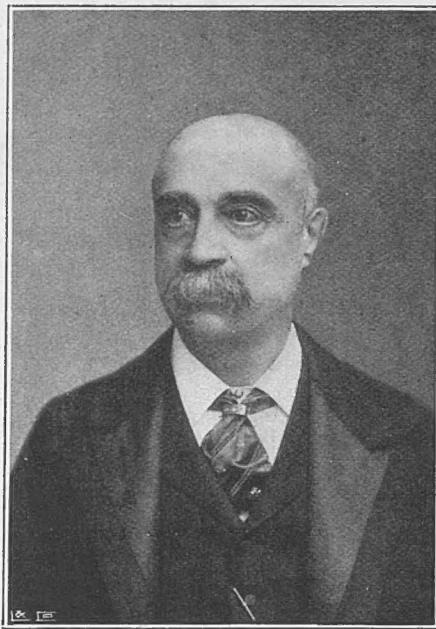
BASKET-BALL.

The death of Mr. Agostino Gatti, though hardly unexpected—for he had long been ailing—comes as somewhat of a shock after the cheering reports of a few days antecedent to his decease. Mr. Gatti was the elder of the two brothers whose connection with the Adelphi has been so successful, being two years the senior of Mr. Stefano Gatti, though they were not infrequently looked upon as twins. Mr. Agostino was

wonderfully popular with all his employees, not only at the theatre, but at his restaurants, where he was generally, I believe, affectionately spoken of as "Angostura," and I have noticed that when a man earns a sobriquet of this sort among his people he is generally regarded as a really good sort. Mr. Gatti leaves not only a family to mourn his loss, but a brother who was devoted to him, and who will acutely feel the severance of a tie which their business relations had rendered exceptionally close. It is interesting to remember that the Messrs. Gatti have been associated with the Adelphi Theatre for almost eighteen years. The first performance given under their management was on Feb. 27, 1879, and the failure of this production—"The

Crimson Cross," by "Saville Rowe" and E. Manuel—to attract was hardly prophetic of the enormous popular successes their energy, ability, and probity were to win for them in later years. There was plenty of life and colour about that first performance, and Armagnacs and Burgundians, transplanted from old French history, were in much and spirited evidence, while the beautiful Adelaide Neilson, on a charger, was a picturesque feature of the play, which was, however, terribly lacking in interest. The reproduction is of the Gatti's first play-bill, and is an abundant proof of the spirit in which they have always acted in securing artists of position for their leading parts, and even for their smaller rôles.

The music to the beautiful Empire ballet of "Monte Cristo" will be published at the end of the present month in England and America. This must be welcome news to the many admirers of M. Leopold Wenzel, of whose delightful gifts I have written so often in these columns. Musicians, I think, will agree that in "Monte Cristo" M. Wenzel reaches the highest point of his development, and brings ballet almost—I am tempted to say quite—up to the level of grand opera. We find the *motif* plan followed throughout the ballet, and the students of the performance cannot fail to note that every pantomime movement has its musical interpretation. Of course, the scoring has a great deal to do with the effect; but, beyond doubt, the skilled pianist will be able to comprehend and appreciate the movements. Although the attraction of ballet remains to a large degree sensuous, it moves along the highway of rational development, and is intelligent to all who take it intelligently. It would indeed be hard to overpraise M. Wenzel for his share in this development, and I cannot help hoping that the time is not far distant when his old scores will be published. I am very pleased to see that they are playing selections of his earlier music at the Empire as an introduction to the evening's programme. The innovation will be popular. So many of us love the old ballets, so many of us recall the



MR. AGOSTINO GATTI.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

old, old nights with never-ending pleasure, that I am content to wager I am but one of many who will gladly sacrifice part of the dinner-hour to arrive at the Empire in time to hear the familiar melodies.

In connection with the centenary of Schubert's birth, on Sunday week, the South Place Ethical Society is to give a concert consisting entirely of Schubert's compositions, and including his famous Octet for stringed and wind instruments. Mr. Plunket Greene will be the vocalist on this occasion.

Of the pantomimes being given at twenty London theatres, five deal with Cinderella, four with Aladdin, three with the Forty Thieves, two with the Babes in the Wood, two with Robinson Crusoe, and one each with Hop-o'-My-Thumb, Mother Goose, Sinbad, and the Three Blind Mice. Of pantomimes in the provinces and on tour, the most popular are Cinderella and Whittington with thirteen versions each, Robinson Crusoe with twelve, and Aladdin with eleven.

"Society" will be given on Friday at the Criterion, on the occasion of Mr. Edward Hastings' annual benefit matinée. The cast is a very strong one, and comprises Messrs. Edward Righton, Charles Brookfield, H. Kemble, C. W. Garthorne, Eric Lewis, Sidney Valentine, Gilbert Farquhar, E. Dagnall, C. Coutts, W. Wyse, Miss Laura Graves, and Miss Rose Leclercq.

Miss Emily Brinsley Sheridan, the Mavis Clare in "The Sorrows of Satan," has not been seen on the London boards since her marriage with Mr. Burton Vivian about a year ago. Her last appearance was with Mrs. Langtry at the Opéra Comique. She also claims the gratitude of



MISS BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Miss Sheridan had offers from Mr. F. R. Benson to play many parts in his company, and though she was then unable to accept, she has since played Portia, Hermia, and other leading rôles with him on several occasions. Later on she joined Mr. Osmond Tearle, in order to gain experience, and with him played Ophelia, Juliet, Portia, Desdemona, and Pauline, and on her return to town joined Miss Annie Rose for a season at the Royalty, and in poor "Frog" had a very sympathetic part. Miss Sheridan's little *contretemps* with Mr. Penley will be remembered, and none regretted it more than she did, for she had previously fulfilled most pleasant and successful engagements with that manager, especially in "Æsop's Fables," at the Strand Theatre. Miss Sheridan has also played in "Sweet Lavender," at Terry's, as Cynisca in "Pygmalion and Galatea," Myra in "The Palace of Truth," and, after seasons at the Princess's, was specially engaged by Mr. Charles Warner to create the rôle of the adventuress in "Under the Mask."

An interesting performance of "Sweet Lavender" is to be given at the Bijou Theatre, Westbourne Grove, in aid of the Children's Home Hospital, Barnet, on Feb. 19 and 20. The cast includes Mrs. C. G. Compton, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Waugh, and Mr. Sydney Pawling.

There are few illusions about Scotland more prevalent than the idea that the hackneyed epithet about the wild heath and shaggy wood is a vivid description of the right of anybody to go anywhere. Nowhere are landowners so grasping over their property and rights. You enter a laird's grounds (or "policies") at your peril, as was seen some years ago over the Lion's Face right-of-way dispute at Braemar. The legislation for open spaces which has given "'Appy, 'Appy 'Ampstead" and Epping to the people has made no progress beyond the Border, and the big towns are building on every available corner. The people of Aberdeen, however, are going to make a fight for a splendid moor on the outskirts of the town. An elaborate history of the moor has been prepared for them.

**ADELPHI**  **THEATRE**  
Sole Lessee and Manager: Mr. BENJAMIN WEBSTER.  
Messrs. A. and S. GATTI, 411, Strand.

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT OF  
Miss NEILSON,  
Mr. HERMANN VEZIN,  
Mr. HENRY NEVILLE.

THURSDAY, Feb. 27th, 1879, & Every Evening  
The performance will commence, at 7, with the favourite Comedietta,  
entitled

**WHO SPEAKS FIRST?**

After which, at 7:45, will be performed  
A ROMANCE OF FRENCH HISTORY,  
In Four Chronicles, entitled THE

**CRIMSON CROSS**

BY  
SAVILLE ROWE and E. MANUEL.  
New Scenery and New Act Drop by JULIAN HICKS.  
Dresses from Design by ALFRED THOMPSON; Executed by  
AUGUSTE and CIE.  
Produced under the Direction of Mr. CHAS. HARRIS.

NOTE.—In presenting to the public a Romantic Play, the action of which takes place in 1418, during one of the most picturesque periods of Old French History, an effort has been made to reconstitute an era and unfold a vivid picture of Old Paris in the Fifteenth Century. The Kingdom is in jeopardy, torn by Civil War. On the Throne is an Imbecile Monarch, Charles VI., and at his right hand stands a crafty Minister, the Constable of France, who, by estranging King and Queen, seeks to gain supreme power and gratify his grasping ambition. The devoted self-sacrifice of Perronet Leclerc, a well-known hero of fiction, in his efforts to serve the Queen and the cause of Burgundy is the leading motive of the Drama.

The Authors have consulted the following authorities who have previously treated this romance, namely—Monstrelet, (Annales de France,) Alex. Dumas the elder, and MM. Anicet Bourgeois and Lockroy.

THE FIRST PRODUCTION AT THE ADELPHI  
UNDER THE GATTIS.

A whole host of South African celebrities accompanied Mr. Rhodes on board the *Dunvegan Castle*, so that he has been quite heartened (if, indeed, he need that) to face the music.

A correspondent in Johannesburg favours me with a description of the Church Social and Literary Society of that lively spot. It would be interesting to know whether President Krüger regards the association with a favourable eye, for the society, only started last Easter, with a membership of about fifty, now boasts over a hundred members, all of English blood, and, though it is a long, far cry from Canterbury to the

had been shot or garroted on the spot, so much the better for Spain in particular and Europe generally. But I read that there were arrests of all the suspects in Barcelona, and that tortures reminiscent of the Inquisition were used to make men well known for advanced views confess a responsibility for the outrages. Proceedings at the Castle of Montjuich have been terrible, and we have seen the extraordinary sight of jailers writing to the papers denouncing the iniquities they have been compelled to witness. All these things strengthen the statements made by certain of the London papers that torture of prisoners has prevailed in Cuba and the Philippines. It is indeed unfortunate that, at a time when firmness and



ABOUT TO FACE THE MUSIC.—HARRY B. NEILSON.

Rand, a very lively interest is manifested in Church of England matters, and for once the Church, the world, and literature march hand in hand under the patronage of a bishop. But the excellent prelate who watches over the spiritual welfare of those Britons living within the diocese of Pretoria has always shown himself a sensible and tolerant man, and it is a pity that other and nearer Church centres do not follow the good example set by Johannesburg.

In several French papers, including *L'Intransigeant* of M. Rochefort, and in some Spanish papers, I have read some horrifying revelations of the procedure at the recent trial of Anarchists in Barcelona. Undoubtedly a bomb was thrown in the public street, and if the men taken red-handed

justice are needed most, a great nation should exhibit a marked inability to act reasonably and with restraint. One would willingly believe that the reports have been exaggerated, but unfortunately it is too apparent that the Spaniards have once again resorted to methods that brought them into disrepute when they were among the great nations of the world.

I have just received the "Sunlight Almanac for the Home" for 1897. It forms a book of one hundred and sixty pages, containing valuable information on a great variety of subjects interesting to everybody, from the head of the house to the smallest child. The "Sunlight Waistcoat-Pocket Diary" is a very neat little book bound in red morocco.

The *Spectator*, in a delightful article on the charm of London, recently dwelt on the variety of life here. That is a feature that appeals especially to the bachelor who dines out at restaurants, and it is to my bachelor friends that I always look for information as to new places. Thus I was taken the other evening to the Washington, a pretty little place in Oxford Street, close by Busard's the beloved of Benedicts.

From their name I should say the proprietors are Italians. At any rate, they gave us a dinner as excellently cooked as I have had for many a long day. Moreover, it was promptly served—a great consideration—and made me resolve to return at an early date.

The South African Wimbledon Association has been presented by the De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited, with a cup (the work of Messrs. Mappin and Webb), which is given to encourage shooting in the Cape Colony.

The *Polo Magazine*, which is edited by Captain F. Herbert, contains a capital coloured plate of the winning team of the 18th Bengal Lancers.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WIMBLEDON ASSOCIATION CUP.

The Indian famine has induced Mr. Arthur Playfair to give a special matinée of "The Eider-Down Quilt," preceded by "Delicate Ground," at Terry's on Friday, under the patronage of Lord George Hamilton and the Lord Mayor.

I am always a little shy of stories whose origin is "somewheres east of Suez," as they are rarely both new and true. This one has a faintly familiar ring about it; but, as I had it from the lady to whom a young Forests Officer in the Central Provinces had written it, I give it the benefit of the doubt. Said "jungle-wallah" writes—

I told you how badly that poor woman got clawed when the tiger broke back? It was strictly against orders her being among the beaters at all, and it was bad luck that she should have been caught. She died of blood-poisoning last week in hospital, and I sent for the husband to give him some compensation, though I felt it was a bit awkward offering money under the circumstances. However, I asked him whether twenty rupees would cover the expense of "making ceremonies." He said it did not matter about the funeral ceremonies; I was his father and his mother, &c., and, if it was my pleasure, let me pay into his hand thirty rupees to pay the great expense of his wedding. It turned out that he had arranged to marry again next day, and I was sorry I spoke; however, I gave him the dubs.

The 1st Dorset Regiment is determined in peaceful sports, as in deeds of arms, to maintain itself worthy of the proud regimental motto, "Primus in Indis." It has only been a short time in Bangalore, but it has stepped at once into the first place, at any rate in Southern India.

The regimental team at the late Southern Rifle Association Meeting won the most coveted trophy, the Bangalore Cup, while, in addition, their popular Sergeant-Major, Jackson, won the Championship, the Barton Cup, and many other prizes. The football team went to Secunderabad Tournament, and brought away the handsome cup. Colonel Piercy, who now commands, is a capable and enthusiastic cricketer himself, and, with the officers, encourages the men to participate in all athletic sports. No wonder, then, that on the longest route-marches they maintain a steadiness and swing from start to finish that proves them fit for any exertion. From the corps' fund have been just purchased company challenge-shields for shooting, cricket, and football.

The shields stand nearly two feet high, the exceedingly neatly executed typical ornaments being of polished or of frosted silver on an ebonised background.

Apropos of Mr. George Saintsbury's article on reviewers and reviewing in the current *Blackwood*, it is very interesting to me to pick out from my book-shelf the English translation of Jaeger's "Life of Ibsen," and, turning to the fly-leaf, read—

G. Saintsbury,  
from

The blanks stand for the initials of one of the best-known English critics and men of letters. Why is this interesting to me? Because I bought the book at a second-hand book-shop in Bookseller's Row for two shillings and ninepence. I have not erased the pencilled price-mark; that, too, is precious in its way.

At the same shop in Bookseller's Row I had another find. It is a volume of verses, "Pygmalion in Cyprus," by George Eric Lancaster. I seemed to know that "Eric." Opening at the bastard title-page, I read the following inscription in neatly printed writing—

To ——, Esq.,  
with cordial regards and most  
respectful compliments.

Nov. 15th, 1880.

GEORGE ERIC MACKAY.  
[The true name of the author—  
a son of Charles Mackay.]

The words bracketed are in the handwriting of the critic who was the recipient of "cordial regards and most respectful compliments." Cordial? Respectful? That was before the days of "The Little Gods of Grub Street." But that was not all my "find." Turning back to the title-page, I found the following pasted in very carefully—

Nov. 15th, 1880.

DEAR MR. ——,

Fern Dell, Dorking.

Here is my "Pygmalion in Cyprus." To you, as to one of the "guardians of our English literature," I offer it in friendship and humility; a humility that is not feigned, for I know how sacred a thing a book ought to be. I dare not think to-day of its defects; I am trying to persuade myself that you will like it,

And remain

Very cordially yours,  
GEORGE ERIC LANCASTER.  
[True name "George Eric Mackay."]

This little book of one hundred and fifty-four pages, with inscription and autograph letter, cost me just eighteenpence. I have doubts as to the value of the verses, but the "little trimmings" —!



MRS. TEMPLE.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

The new Archbishop of Canterbury is devoted to his wife, to whom he made a touching reference, the other day, in public. She is the daughter of the late Mr. W. S. Lascelles, and is the aunt of the Earl of Harewood, her brother, Sir Frank Lascelles, being our Ambassador at Berlin. She is more than twenty years younger than the Archbishop, who was born in 1821, and whom she married in 1876. The Archbishop has two sons.

The *Prisons' Service Review* is the name of a new sixpenny monthly edited by Mr. James O. Byrne. It is published under official patronage. In the current number a Kailyarder sings the song of a boy who stole a "doo," which, being translated, means a pigeon. This is one of the boy's plaints from prison—

Will nae me come and tak' me oot  
Tae faither and the cuddy?  
For here where e'er I turn about  
I dinna see a body.

The *Era Annual* is so useful to everybody interested in theatres that it needs no commendation. This year it appears with some excellent portraits, including Miss Esmé Beringer and her sister. The *Encore Annual*, with its six hundred portraits of music-hall artists and celebrities, though more ambitious, is, unfortunately, not so historical.



Fox-hunting has suffered from the weather latterly. The clerk-in-charge during the Christmas season did not know his business; the regular clerk of the weather had evidently gone on holiday, and his deputy could not make up his mind whether to send rain or frost or fog. He tried them all three in small samples, throwing in an occasional snow-storm or sleet-storm for variety's sake, and then, in penitential mood, turning on full sun-power. The result was, hunting-men never knew where they were, and I take leave to say there are few things more disturbing to the temper than never knowing when you go to bed whether you will be able to hunt or not next day. A good honest spell of frost is all right; you know you miss nothing by staying snugly in bed till nine or half-past, and console yourself by reflecting that the horses have had hard work this season, are beginning to look a bit "fine," and will be all the better for a few days' compulsory rest. One can resign oneself to that; but the uncertainty of one's movements during such weather as we have had lately calls for more patience than most of us possess.

Apropos of my remarks recently on the disturbance of pheasants by drawing coverts for a fox, I have received a very interesting letter from a Master of Hounds in Gloucestershire. My correspondent writes from a most sporting country, where wire is almost unknown—happy Master!—and where the farmers breed and "make" hunters. He says: "As an example of how hunting and shooting may be carried on together, there is a covert in my country which has been drawn four times this season, and we have *always* found a fox in it, and over five hundred pheasants have been shot there already. Hunting with the Pytchley on Saturday, Dec. 26, we found a fox in a covert where pheasants were getting up all round us before hounds."

The tastes of the public change, and the managers of variety halls have the serious problem before them of how to keep abreast of the times and satisfy their patrons. Formerly a somersault-turning dog

leaking. The captain and mate had turned in and were fast asleep when they were roused by the dog barking violently and jumping about. This they took little notice of, and told Roger to "lie down." He then sprang into the mate's bunk, and commenced to pull the clothes off him. The mate, believing that something must be wrong,



A DOG PANTOMIME.

jumped up and stepped into over a foot of water. He had just time to call the captain, and with difficulty they got the dog into the boat and saved themselves as the barge went down, thus owing their lives entirely to the noble dog. Roger was born at Northfleet about eighteen months ago. He is a cross between a spaniel and a retriever.

The following capital story about the late Professor Herrmann, the conjurer, may or may not be a "chestnut"; but, at any rate, it is worth reproducing. He was performing before a generally enthusiastic house, but one man in the gallery made himself as obnoxious as did certain Oldham roughs to Miss Cissie Loftus the other day. Furious cries were raised of "Throw him over," but the great magician effectually quelled the disturbance by observing gently, "Please do *not* throw him over; kill him where he is."

A lavishly illustrated biography of Miss Ellen Terry has just been written by Mr. Walter Calvert, and published by Mr. Deane of Salisbury House. Mr. Bernard Partridge's drawings are reproduced in it.

They are sad dogs the Dogues de Bordeaux. The most doughty specimens of them in this country are owned by Mr. H. C. Brooke, of

Bexley Heath. His Amazone de Bordeaux is the winner of a first and several special prizes at the recent Aquarium Show, a first at Dijon, and seconds at Paris and Woolwich. Amazone is an exact likeness of a dog whose portrait (over two hundred years old) was recently exhibited at the Agricultural Hall. She is the true old type, absolutely distinct from any other breed. She is by Ramus I. out of Diane, was born in 1891, and bred by M. Renevret. Matador du Midi, another champion, was bred from the best fighting strain of the Midi, all his ancestors having fought the bear, the bull, and other animals. Matador has been twice pitted against a bear, and on the last occasion threw a full-grown Russian bear three times, and, seizing him by the throat, shook the unfortunate creature until he roared again.



MADAME KOLZOWA'S DOGS.

dressed as a clown was considered a novelty, but nowadays the training of dogs for variety shows is something of a science. Russia has got well to the front in this line. Iwan Tchernoff some time ago introduced a complete dog steeplechase. The horses were represented by all kinds of terriers, and puppies got up as huntsmen occupied the saddle. Madame Lucy Kolzowa has achieved an even greater result in her representation of life on a farm as done by dogs. There is something almost human in the voluntary movements of her pets, and there is much less of the automatic element than in most dog-shows. The dogs are got up as peasants, and they perform all the duties of farm-servants, with the exception, probably, of milking cows. It would be interesting to know whether clever dogs such as these transmit their abilities to their offspring, or whether it is, like genius, a chance thing which has to be discovered by the dog-trainer.

Roger is the hero of the waterside population of London. When the Amalgamated Society of Watermen and Lightermen of the River Thames presented him, the other day, with a handsome silver collar, with a suitable inscription, for saving two lives recently, a representative gathering came forth on the occasion. For the exact details of the deed which will make him honoured and valued all his life, and keep his memory green for many a decade, I am indebted to Mr. Harry Gosling, Secretary of the Society, and the facts are these. Roger was with his master (Mr. Court) and the mate on board the barge, which was lying at anchor in the Thames during the rough weather of early winter and started



AMAZONE DE BORDEAUX.



ROGER.

The victory of C. F. Barden, of Putney, who beat Constant Huret in the fifty kilomètres race, winning in 1 hr. 4 min. 5 sec., gratified English racing cyclists.

The wreaths that cover the grave of the late Admiral Sir Alexander Milne at Inveresk were a tribute to the respect in which the oldest officer in our Navy was held.

He belonged to a fighting family, whose motto is "As much by war as by skill." His father's flag flew on the *Impregnable* in the attack on Algiers, Aug. 27, 1816. Sir Alexander himself went to sea when he was eleven years of age. He saw service in nearly every part of the world, rising to the highest rank in the Navy, and eventually being rewarded by a baronetcy. A hale, handsome old man, he was out of doors within a few days of his death. The Queen and the German Emperor were represented at his funeral, which took place with full Naval honours, the Prince of Wales sending a wreath for "auld lang syne." His son, Captain A. Milne, was lately in command of the royal yacht *Osborne*.

The Admiral would have rejoiced in the idea, just adopted by the Seawanhaka Yacht Club of America, of a diploma that is recognised by all practical seamen. Several prominent yachtsmen have already won it. The diploma

sets forth that the owner has passed a satisfactory examination in all those subjects which go to make a competent navigator. Nowadays too many yacht-owners—for yachtsmen they cannot really be called—are only passengers on their own craft, and are absolutely incompetent to tender the slightest advice, or, indeed, even to hazard an opinion as to what course should be taken in rough weather, and so on. It is this type of yachting-man who is most reckless, and he is ever willing, provided he has faith in his captain and crew, to run quite unnecessary risks. Of course, there are prominent exceptions. Lord Brassey could give points to most navigators, whether of the old or new school, and the same can be said in a minor degree of both the Prince of Wales and Lord Dunraven, who, together with a score of prominent English yachtsmen, have made it their business as well as their pleasure to learn the technical side of their

People are apt to sneer at the practical influence of literature, and yet from New Zealand comes a curious example of all that one book may mean to English-reading folk. Through some strange accident, the man whose pathetic career inspired Harriet Beecher-Stowe to write "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been allowed, through no fault of his own, to sink into the bitterest poverty. But, through a chance paragraph finding its way to the *Otago Daily Times*, the poor old man will spend his few remaining years of life in comparative comfort, for, thanks to a few energetic and warm-hearted Australasians, a very successful benefit performance was held at Dunedin, with the result that seventy pounds was forwarded to the destitute and forgotten quadroon who played so picturesque a part in the anti-slavery crusade.

Lewis George Clark, though born in slavery, was three-fourths white, for his mother was the daughter of Samuel Campbell, a Scottish slave-owner of Kentucky, and his father was Daniel Clark, a pure-blooded Scotsman; but owing to the fact that his own mother's mother had been a negress, he was, of course, born into slavery, and after spending much the kind of youth described so ably in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," he and his brother became the property of a firm of slave-dealers who intended to send him down South. The thought of the dreaded cotton-fields inspired the two Clarks with superhuman courage. They both broke away on horseback, and, after many incredible adventures, George succeeded in making his way across to Canada, where, after a time, he was taken into the family of a niece of Mrs. Beecher-Stowe. It was there that the authoress met him, and gathered from him many realistic details of life on the slave-plantations.

Although he could at that time neither read nor write, George Clark possessed rare gifts as a speaker and storyteller. He attracted so much attention that news reached Kentucky of his doings, and his late owners made a very vigorous attempt to bring him back to slavery. How he baffled them is a romance in itself, but his friends thought it wiser that he should make his way to the New England States. This he did, and for some years he lectured, gaining a national reputation for his daring and powerful exposure of what slavery really meant. All the money that he earned was used to further the cause of Abolition, and when the war broke out he went

to Canada till all was over and he was able to return to Old Kentucky a free man. So completely were the rôles reversed that later on, when the negroes were said to have the Kansas fever, a number of distinguished Kentuckians begged the ex-slave to try and induce the black population to remain in Kentucky, and not to be carried away by the stories of the Kansas boomers. Some years ago Clark fell ill, and little by little his few savings vanished. He is now eighty-five years of age, and had it not been for the casual charity of some of the Lexington townsfolk he would not have been able to keep body and soul together.

A very pretty quarrel has been going on in New York between Mr. Evangelist Moody and Mdlle. Yvette Guilbert. A "new" journalist called on Mr. Moody and asked his opinion of Mademoiselle's songs. Mr. Moody replied that he did not think Sodom ever produced anything like the songs she sings. To prove his assertion he read an English translation of a single stanza of Richepin's gruesome "La Glu," which was set to music, you will remember, by Gounod. Further, he said, "the devil himself could not devise a more corrupting message to send to this city. It is hell let loose." The divette retaliated briskly. "M. Richepin," said she, "belongs to a school of artists who are not bound by conventionalities. It is in art as in religion. Mr. Moody is himself, I am told, unconventional. They tell me even that some persons do not greatly admire his style of exhortation. They say his images are often uncouth, and his language that of an uncultured person. But his crudities are forgiven to him because he is believed to be sincere. Is it not so? Well, if he were better informed, he would know that the same allowance is made for M. Richepin and the other realists, though, of course, they do not suffer from the lack of culture—which is more Mr. Moody's misfortune." All this is very diverting, printed in parallel columns in the *New York Journal* (owned by that pushful San Francisco young millionaire W. R. Hearst, Joey Pulitzer's close rival as a purveyor of sensation), and headed by portraits of the two evangelists. The conclusion I draw is that Mdlle. Guilbert's manager and press agent are very smart business-men.



C. F. BARDEN.

Photo by Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.



THE ORIGINAL OF "UNCLE TOM" (AGED 81).

Photo by Jones, Dunedin.



THE LATE ADMIRAL MILNE'S GRAVE AT INVERESK.

Photo by A. P. Roche.

favourite amusement. Among those who have received the diploma of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club is the novelist Mr. Marion Crawford. All lovers of his works will remember the fateful voyage of Doctor Claudius and his lady-love. If Macleod had been a member of the Seawanhakas there might not have been "silence in Castle Dare."

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## THE CRAVEN HOUNDS.

The Craven Foxhounds hunt that part of Berkshire which lies north of the territories of the Vine and Tedworth Hunts; their Master is Mr. William H. Dunn, of Wallingtons, Hungerford, and their huntsman is W. Wilson, who went to them last season. The Craven country consists largely of that rolling downland which constitutes so considerable a proportion of the area of Berkshire, and which the War Office authorities have occasionally selected of late years for autumn cavalry manoeuvres. It is, before all things, a galloping country; the downs do not, it is true, carry the best of scent, but this shortcoming is in great measure atoned for by the character of the coverts. Those on the downs are generally of gorse, and, being for the most part of small dimensions, hounds can get away on good terms with their fox before scent has time to get cold. Hence, on fairly good scenting days, the followers of the Craven are tolerably sure of enjoying a run across a country which is easy to get over, and where the well-mounted man has every chance of seeing what hounds are doing. There are very few fences of any kind

in Berkshire, took the Mastership of the Pytchley, then as now one of the most fashionable packs in England. It must have been a wonderfully well-stocked country in his day, or even he, of whom a contemporary said, "If I were a fox, I would rather have a pack of hounds behind me than Smith with a stick in his hand," could never have achieved his wonderful feat of killing ninety foxes in ninety-one days' hunting. Tom Smith had studied the fox, and understood him, his ways, and habits—it might almost be said, his thoughts—as no man has ever understood the wildest of animals before or since. His acquaintance with vulpine tactics was quite uncanny. He hunted the pack himself, and, when a fox broke covert, Smith was always out with the leading hounds, and seemed to know instinctively in which direction his quarry had gone. He did not wait for the body of the pack in such cases; cap in hand and with a joyous cheer, he went away with whatever hounds happened to be out of covert, whether few or many, and clapped them on to the line to bustle the fox and "burst him up" as soon as possible. This mode of hunting answered admirably in a cold-scenting country like the Craven, and to it, beyond question, the marvellous achievement above referred to was due. It was, however,



THE CRAVEN HOUNDS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

on the downs, so speed, above all things, is necessary in the hunter for this country. It is not to be assumed, however, that speed is the only qualification needed; little else is called for when hunting on the sheep-walks, but, in the arable lands of the south and central parts of the country, the hunter which cannot negotiate banks often rotten and crumbling, and therefore treacherous, will never take his place among the first flight. In these parts of Mr. Dunn's country there is a good deal of wire; but in this respect the Craven are not worse off than their neighbours, or, indeed, than most hunts in Great Britain, for the countries into which wire has not found its way may almost be counted on the fingers. The Craven men are well mounted, and the pack, consisting this season of some fifty couple, can boast strains of the best hound blood in England. Sir Richard Sutton, when he took the Mastership in 1880, brought with him practically the whole of the Pytchley Woodland establishment, and so strengthened a kennel which already owed much to the Quorn.

It is hardly possible to refer to this country without recalling the famous sportsman whose name is so familiarly associated with it, Mr. Thomas Smith, of Hill Place, Hambleton, better known to students of fox-hunting history as plain "Tom Smith." The famous Hampshire Squire controlled the fortunes of the Craven in the 'thirties. He left the Hambleton country for the Craven in 1829, and, after a successful reign

hardly a system which accords with strict ideas of fox-hunting. As a great authority on the chase has said, Tom Smith made use of his singularly intimate knowledge of the fox to do the hounds' work for them. He was said to "find the fox, hunt him, and kill him while the hounds looked on"; but, nevertheless, he left behind him a store of information which has been of infinite value to every Master and every huntsman in his classic "The Life of a Fox."

One of the drawbacks of the Craven country is the quantity of flints that bestrew the downs, and are a fruitful source of trouble, laming hounds with the razor-like edges that crop out of the soil.

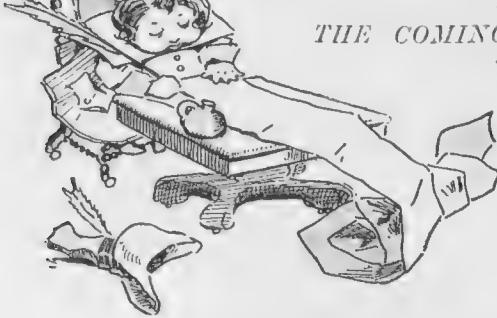
Sport this season with the Craven has been about up to the average, but, as has been the case with so many packs all over the country, they have had to complain of lack of scent. Mr. Dunn, however, has shown some very good days, and sport has been much better since Wilson has carried the horn. It is a misfortune for the Craven, too, that in their country are some landowners who prefer the pheasant to the fox. Berkshire, as we all know, is a great shooting county, and some proprietors will not allow a litter of foxes to be bred in coverts dedicated to the pheasant. In some parts of the Craven territory, therefore, the fox population is less evenly distributed than could be wished. The hounds meet every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, and on every alternate Thursday.

# THE DUMPIES

FRANK VERN BECK, DISCOVERER  
ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, HISTORIAN

[Copyrighted by The Sketch.]

## THE COMING OF THE KING.



Dumpling-ee, his royal wife, until it could be done with due regard to custom; and besides, we didn't think about it before, anyway.

People do not get to be kings and queens in The Land of Low Mountains by inheritance, but just in the same manner that they get to be Presidents of the United States; that is, by being ambitious and diligent. To be very fat and very short is the chief aim in Dumpy Land. It is clear, therefore, that those who are most successful in getting flesh at the expense of height should be rulers. The words Dumpling and Dumpling-ee are not really names at all, but titles earned by years of industry, and worn only by those two who have outdone all others in reaching a degree of fatness where breathing is difficult and walking a disgrace. Thus you will see that, as is also the case with us, the humblest citizen may, by attending strictly to business, aspire to the greatest seat in the land. Also that any little girl in Dumpy Land has a chance to become queen, or Dumpling-ee, through diligence, and in this we might do well to imitate them. There was once a beautiful ode written by Butterneg, Poet Omelette to the Dumpling, describing the toilsome way in which his sovereigns had risen to the throne. It contained ninety-three stanzas, but has been shortened somewhat in the translation—

### ODE TO THE DUMPLING AND DUMPLING-EE.

BY LA CRÈME BUTTERNEG,

*The Poet Omelette of The Land of Low Mountains.*

It was Dumpling, the King of the Dumpies,  
And his beautiful Dumpling-ee,  
And the way that they got to be Dumplings  
Was wonderful to see.



In their earliest youth they began it,  
For they fed on whipped cream every day,  
Till it took a whole army of servants  
To milk it and whip it, they say.

And then, as they daily grew older,  
They ate of plum-pudding and pie,  
And the Dumpies kept constantly busy  
Renewing the hourly supply;

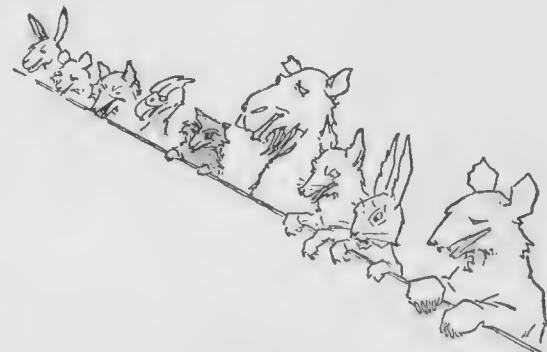


Plum-pudding and turkey and stuffings,  
And cruifers and candies and such,  
And the servants toiled harder and harder,  
But never could bring them too much;

Till all through The Land of Low Mountains  
It was whispered, "They're striving to be  
The King and Queen of the country—  
Our Dumpling and Dumpling-ee."



And the people came flocking to watch them  
At noontime and evening and dawn;  
And the animals out of the forest  
Climbed up on the fence to look on.



And at last came the feast of election,  
And the contest was frightful to see,  
But our hero was chosen the Dumpling,  
And our heroine Dumpling-ee.

For Wisecare measured and weighed them  
With scales and with tape-line and  
chalk,  
And declared them of royal dimensions  
And wholly unable to walk.

And then they were happily wedded  
By Fat-and-contented, the priest,  
And the animals out of the forest  
Were given the scraps of the feast.

This, of course, all happened before the animals came to dwell with the Dumpies in The Land of Low Mountains which lies in the far country of Kay. And in those days the bears had long legs, and the 'possum had long legs, and the gay hippopotamus. Likewise the duck, the crocodile, and the turtle; all except the snow-birds, who had from time immemorial dwelt with the Dumpy people, and had already become "of a presence squat and manner unwieldy, even as they." The bear was first to follow them, as we have heard, and during the year of Amenities came many others, and of these we shall learn later.



## SHAKSPERIAN SHAKSPERE.

I believe Mr. William Poel does occasionally go to the Lyceum, but he goes under protest. He dislikes upholstery, and he is not cordial even to trap-doors. He wants no landscape-gardening in "Cymbeline." He does not even seek a forest in "As You Like It." He thinks that what was good enough for our great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfathers is good enough for us; and so he has founded, and continues to direct, the Elizabethan Stage Society, which, as they would say in the City, has been formed for the purpose of putting Shakspere's plays on the stage as Shakspere might have done if he had been so fortunate as to be a theatrical manager instead of merely a writer of

accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while in the meantime two armies fly in, represented with swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?"

So do tastes differ. Mr. Poel would call those spectators happy, not "miserable"; and it was with the intention of conferring that joy on the present wayward generation that he recently produced "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" at the Merchant Taylors' Hall, and that he repeated the performance at the Charterhouse on Monday. "Twelfth Night" will follow, in February; it will be given in the old hall of the Middle Temple, in which the play was first acted in 1603. The Society hopes, later on, to tackle some of the doubtful plays of Shakspere.



MRS. WYLLIE AS LUCTANA IN "THE COMEDY OF ERRORS."  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

verse. To give us at the end of the nineteenth century the drama as it was at the beginning of the seventeenth—that is the aim and, to some extent, the achievement of the E.S.S.

A philosopher once divided mankind into two classes—men who had bass voices and wanted to sing tenor, and men who had tenor voices and wanted to sing bass. As with men, so with centuries: they hanker after the things they have not. Perhaps, about 2147 A.D., some apostle of the primitive will revive "The Geisha," to wonder at our feeble foot-lights and indiscriminate attire. And there was certainly room for a Victorian Stage Society in the times of Queen Bess. Sir Philip Sidney would have accepted the presidency. With him it was always a sore point that the stage of his day put so severe a strain on the imagination. "Now," he said, "you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By-and-by we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place; then we are to blame if we

Though hardly eighteen months old, it has already proved itself not only in "Twelfth Night," but also in "The Comedy of Errors," and Marlowe's "Faustus."

So far the Society has performed only in private halls, lent for the occasion; but it is one of its remoter objects to have a theatre to itself. This, Mr. Poel estimates, "specially built on the plan of the sixteenth century, could be erected at a moderate cost." The bills for scenery would, of course, be trifling. A dispute, indeed, exists in learned circles as to whether movable scenery was in use in Shakspere's time, though there is some ground for the belief that the privileged spectators who had seats on the boards—they were not really boards in those days, but rushes—sometimes justified their prominence by assisting to set up the landscapes. Mr. Poel already possesses a strictly Elizabethan stage which was prepared for a performance under his direction.

At such performances as those which the E.S.S. has been giving,

however, there is no stage. The actors merely occupy a part of the floor of the house, and they make their exits and entrances either through doors at the back or by the passages among the spectators. The scenery is a minimum. In "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," for instance, Silvia's window was the gallery round the hall, and the Outlaws conducted their courteous conspiracies in a wholly imaginary forest. A brown curtain was considered a sufficient background. There were no "waits," not even between the acts. The gratifying result was that the whole play was over in rather less than two hours. The prompter sat in the front row, among the spectators.

It will be clear that there is a good deal of guess-work about the performances of the Society. While details are filled in with a scrupulous accuracy to tradition, it sometimes happens that tradition is silent. History, which is reticent as to Shakspere himself, is not very garrulous concerning his stage, and the ingenuity of a manager bent on the original is sometimes severely taxed. Some of the E.S.S. costumes, for example, have been copied from old frescoes; others represent the relics of sixteenth-century pageants.

The music is as musty as the learning of Mr Arnold Dolmetsch could make it. Under the hard rules of the E.S.S., the orchestra is stowed away into a corner, there to discourse Elizabethically on the viol and the virginal. One of the instruments used at the last performance is said to date from the year 1550. British Museum manuscripts have been ransacked in search of sufficiently mediaeval strains. Schubert is so indisputably modern that it was found necessary to reject his version of "Who is Silvia?" even though the true and only original tune had got lost in the dim and distant past. In these circumstances it again fell to the obliging Mr. Dolmetsch to supply the deficiency from his own intuition of the sort of thing which was likely to make Julia "sadder than she was before."

Mr. Poel does not keep quite to the letter of tradition in respect of the female parts, which were in Shakspelian days always played by boys. The ranks of the E.S.S. include several capable ladies. Some of the performers have been criticised for ineffective elocution, and that is a fault which should be amended. Inarticulate Shakspere with gorgeous scenery may be tolerated in Wellington Street; but the enthusiasts of the E.S.S. must not mortify the ear as much as they baffle the eye.

Perhaps I err in saying so much about the Society, which desires not publicity. It performs Shakspelian Shakspere for its own satisfaction, and from no lust of pelf or glory. It does not hope to convert to its simple ways a world which has been debauched by a long course of the Lyceum. It does not even offer you tickets, which are not easily secured. The best way to see an E.S.S. revival is to join the Society—subscriptions from one guinea to a guinea and a half.

## POOR PIERRETTE.

*A True Story told in Verse from out of the Prose of Life.*

Pierrot had wearied of the dance,  
Until at last by chance he met  
The daintiest petite Pierrette  
That ever figured in romance.

O never was a maid so small,  
And none had such a sparkling eye;  
Alack-a-day! Pierrot was shy,  
And sought the shadow of the wall.

The maid, thought he, was rather bold  
When she approached him where he sate—  
"I'm free, are you, for No. 8?"  
Quoth she, and twirled her card of gold.

He blushed beneath the paint he wore,  
Then scrawled upon the card "Pierrette"  
Against the merry minuet,  
And bowed her to the glistening floor.

They danced it once and twice and thrice,  
And, having tripped the gay gavotte  
Until the little maid grew hot,  
He promptly took her for an ice.

And then 'twas time to drive away;  
She, doubtless dreaming of Pierrot,  
Began to think, for all I know,  
When they would meet again at play.

Ah me! Pierrette, 'tis sad but true,  
That youthful hearts should be so hard!—  
He tore your little gilded card  
As only nine years old could do.

The morn would bring him bat and ball—  
That was the ball he cared for most;  
And you would be the faintest ghost,  
That soon would fade beyond recall.

Had ten more years been yours and his,  
You might have caused his heart to beat  
In chorus to your twinkling feet—  
I tell the story as it is.



"TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

## SILVER CELEBRATIONS IN DUBLIN.

## A CHAT WITH MRS. MICHAEL GUNN.

It was not until the fuss and excitement connected with the Silver Jubilee of the Gaiety Theatre had subsided (writes our Dublin representative) that I was able to secure a quiet half-hour with Mrs. Michael Gunn, whom I found one afternoon in her cosy private room at the theatre.

"Yes," she said, in her bright, winning manner, "I feel I must reward your patience and perseverance, though I think you know how skilfully I have hitherto avoided all interviewers; and as for leisure, what do you say to all this?" and she waved her hand towards the tables strewn with patterns of brocades, satins and gauzes, diagrams, designs for costumes, and the hundred-and-one details that betokened pantomime preparations and the then immediate proximity of Boxing Day.

"You can't imagine what a whirl the past few weeks have

proved," she continued; "there was all the planning for celebrating the twenty-fifth birthday of the Gaiety Theatre, as well as Mr. Gunn's twenty-five years of management—our intended entertainment to several hundred guests had to be abandoned owing to my husband's serious illness, but the jubilee performance took place at the theatre; then there were the public and private presentations of addresses and gifts; and all the time I was engaged with pantomime details, designing costumes, thinking out scenic effects, while our approaching departure necessitated an auction and the giving up of our house in Merrion Square."

"I wonder you are alive to tell the tale," I said.

"I wonder too, now that I have time to think over it; but then I just didn't think—I went on mechanically, and somehow or other pulled through."

"Do tell me something of the gala night at the Gaiety."

"Well, it was quite the most enthusiastic affair I have ever seen. The house was literally crammed. Everyone was there—the Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Cadogan, surrounded by their staff; in another box, the Chief Secretary and Lady Betty Balfour; Lord Roberts and a party from the Royal Hospital, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and numbers of Dublin notabilities. I don't think a more brilliant scene was ever witnessed inside the theatre."

"What was the play?"

"Villiers Stanford's opera, 'Shamus O'Brien,' which the composer himself conducted. Everyone present carried away a souvenir, in the shape of an illustrated history of the theatre, and to all the ladies in the boxes and stalls we presented silver sovereign-purses bearing an inscription and the dates 1871-1896."

"But surely there is something more? Didn't you—?"

"Oh, yes, I see you know all about it; I did make a speech—the house would have it. I don't know how I managed it, for I was nervous and overstrung; but I suppose the excitement kept me up, also the thought that I was there to represent my husband, who was too ill to leave his room. The audience were satisfied, apparently, for they gave me an ovation that was startling in its enthusiasm."

"I know every word you said went straight to your hearers' hearts, and they were all charmed; but, then, don't you think that Irish audiences are the most delightful and sympathetic in the world?"

"I quite agree with you. I have ever found them so since the first time I played in Dublin. By the way, it is quite a coincidence that the first pantomime at the old Theatre Royal after my marriage was 'Cinderella,' in which I played the title rôle and generally directed the performance, and now, nearly twenty years later, the same charming old fairy-tale is the subject of the Gaiety pantomime."

"No," in answer to a query of mine, "I never appear on the stage now. The last time was, I think, in 1888, in an amateur performance of 'Il Trovatore,' when I played Azucena. The following winter I undertook the annual designing and management of the Gaiety pantomime, and this has since kept me pretty busy. Mr. Gunn and I felt that by having all the costumes made here we could give a great deal of employment, and thus encourage home industries. And in this, I think, we have succeeded, though there are still people found to doubt that all the elaborate finery is really the work of Dublin hands."

Chatting on pleasantly, Mrs. Gunn told me that, though born and brought up in America, she can claim, through her parents, Irish nationality, her father, Mr. Beresford Johnston, being a member of a well-known North of Ireland family. While still little more than a child, she adopted the stage as a profession, and, by sheer hard work and pluck (interest and influence she had none), before her nineteenth birthday she had achieved a surprising success. She appeared chiefly in light opera,



MR. MICHAEL GUNN

*Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.*

MRS. MICHAEL GUNN.

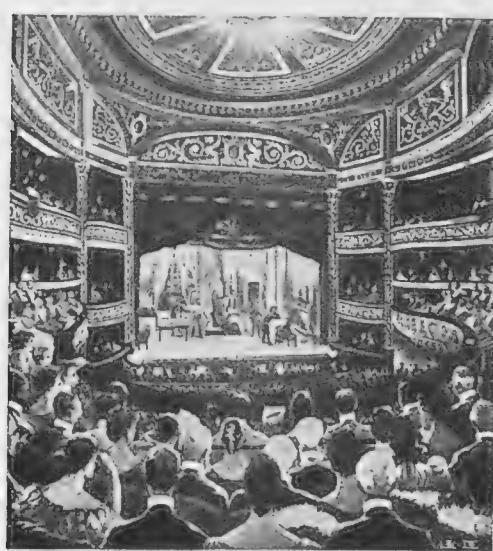
*Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.*

though her glorious mezzo voice fitted her for more ambitious work. Her greatest triumph was with Mr. D'Oyly Carte's Company, when on an incredibly short notice she played *à la merveille* Mademoiselle Lange in "La Fille de Madame Angot." Some time before her marriage her beautiful voice, handsome face, and engaging personality had wooed and won for her the hearts of the Dublin public.

To record what Mr. Gunn has done would be to write the history of the drama in Dublin for the past twenty-five years. To the Gaiety he has brought every great actor and actress of the day. Variety has distinguished his programmes, and success in no ordinary degree has crowned his efforts. How fully his labours have been appreciated by the public was pleasantly emphasised a few weeks ago, when an immense number of the Dublin citizens presented him with an address couched in the most touching terms, and accompanied by a magnificent silver centre-piece. "Ill as he was," Mrs. Gunn explained, "he received the deputation and returned thanks in person. Though the exertion and excitement were very bad for him, yet, in one of the proudest moments of his life, he felt he could not be silent. The centre-piece is the loveliest thing I ever saw, and it will be a treasured heirloom in our family."

Though Mr. Gunn has retired from the active management (his nephew, Mr. John Gunn, being now manager), he still takes the deepest interest in the theatre, of which he remains the sole proprietor.

"I know," said Mrs. Gunn, "many absurd statements to the contrary have been circulated, but I have told you the exact facts."



THE GAIETY THEATRE, DUBLIN.

"Oh, yes, I see you know all about it; I did make a speech—the house would have it. I don't know how I managed it, for I was nervous and overstrung; but I suppose the excitement kept me up, also the thought that I was there to represent my husband, who was too ill to leave his room. The audience were satisfied, apparently, for they gave me an ovation that was startling in its enthusiasm."

"I know every word you said went straight to your hearers' hearts, and they were all charmed; but, then, don't you think that Irish audiences are the most delightful and sympathetic in the world?"

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's "Book of Fifty Drawings," with an "iconography" by Mr. Aymer Vallance—*why* will Mr. Vallance use so painful a word? it is neither Gothic nor early English—has just been published by Mr. Leonard Smithers. It is a collection of work that must necessarily arouse contradictory sentiments. The appalling cleverness—there is no other epithet—of many of these drawings is sufficient, in all conscience, to provoke unlimited enthusiasm. The "Christmas Card," with its splendid variety of blacks, is altogether beautiful, and "The Woman in White" has an impressiveness that is altogether extraordinary. It is not too much to say that this last drawing is worthy of Mr. Whistler.

Very charming, too, in its dim and vague effects of material is the portrait of Madame Réjane; and the cover design (No. 5) of the *Savoy* is exceedingly effective, the rendering of the water by the slightest possible effort being a marvellous feature of the design; while the landscape of "The Achieving of the Sangreal" has a dream-like

were in it." Here is real dramatic horror, the genuine passion of the last days of the world, expressed vividly and wonderfully. If you go to the picture hanging in the same exhibition, finished and serious, you find the terror gone, the fear vanished; all has grown stately and formal. The work was, in a word, one of Leighton's occasional failures.

Mr. H. S. Nichols has published in folio volume form his collection of forty-five photogravures reproduced from original paintings of the nude, with an introduction by Clarence Lansing. The introduction is, one is bound to say, a rather pompous apology for the publication, upon the usual grounds that the nude can have no evil suggestion for the pure-minded man. This is true enough, and for the most part these reproductions, beautifully done in themselves, are without any objectionable quality. One exception must be made. M. Charles Sellier's "Leda and the Swan" should never have been included in such a collection. Mr. Lansing may quote Milton upon "dishonest shame" and "mere shows of seeming pure" all his days and nights, but it will



THE EVE OF THE FAIR.—W. H. BARTLETT.  
EXHIBITED AT THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS.

[Copyright Reserved by the Artist.]

beauty in its endless winding distances, its hints of far sunlight and its flight of homing birds. Here, however, praise may cease. There are many of these drawings so offensive in their deliberate ugliness and so broad in their obscene realism that it is impossible to look through them without a shudder. "Aubrey Beardsley's Book-Plate," for example, is without one redeeming trait of beauty or significance, and, regarded merely as a study from the nude, is simply disgusting, while "The Man in the Moon," "The Dancer's Reward," and "The Fat Woman" seem to leave it a matter of some doubt as to whether Mr. Beardsley's occasional beauty of drawing is only an accident, a fluke; for these are deliberately and thoughtfully repulsive, without a hint of elegance or loveliness, and, what is more to the point, without artistic merit.

So there is to be a monumental memorial to the late Lord Leighton in St. Paul's Cathedral, and it is to be placed on the wall of the nave. Mr. W. B. Richmond, who seems to be artist-in-ordinary to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, will be the designer, and it is reckoned that the cost will be no less than two thousand pounds.

Returning, apropos of Lord Leighton, to the exhibition of his works at the Academy, and dealt with last week in this column, particular mention may be made of the exquisite studies that hang in the water-colour room. They are Leighton at his best, in his fresh artistic moments; they are sometimes even more than this, they are the successes out of which Leighton made his occasional failures. Take one example, the study of heads for "The Sea gave up the Dead which

not alter this essential fact, that M. Sellier's picture is far less a study of the artistic nude than a suggestion that should have been left to the classical daubers of the walls of Pompeii.

Reproduced herewith is "The Eve of the Fair," by Mr. W. H. Bartlett, exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oils, a pretty and effective study of hill and water. The boat is stilled in the water by the men, while a man and a woman press a calf forward to be taken aboard. The little cottage lies in the distance, and near it a waiting figure by a waiting calf. The picture is strongly drawn and massively designed, and its lighting is admirable.

A batch of art-books may here be dealt with, more or less briefly. In "Meissonier, ses Souvenirs, ses Entretiens," containing an essay by M. O. Gréard on the artist's life and work, Hachette et Cie. have issued one of their most beautiful volumes. The illustrations are admirably reproduced, and the letterpress is throughout excellent, if occasionally unilluminating. Messrs. Macmillan have issued "Stained Glass as an Art," by Mr. Henry Holiday, a work sound, sensible, and informing, containing many designs by Burne-Jones, Richmond, and others, thoroughly well reproduced. Irene Osgood's "The Chant of a Lonely Soul" (Gay and Bird) has been illustrated by Mr. R. Machell, R.B.A., in a series of mystical drawings of varying merit. The best are excellent; the worst are never silly. The poems which they illustrate certainly give occasional opportunity for an exhibition of this latter quality. "Gone," moreover, does not rhyme with "forlorn."

FAIRY TALE AND FICTION IN PANTOMIME.



CINDERELLA (MISS GRACE DUDLEY), AT THE GRAND THEATRE, LEEDS.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.



SINBAD (MISS MAUDE NELSON), AT THE SURREY THEATRE.

*Photo by Hana, Strand.*

SINBAD (MISS VIOLET RAYMOND), AT THE PARKHURST THEATRE.

*Photo by Hana, Strand.*ALADDIN (MISS ROSE DEARING), AT THE THEATRE METROPOLE,  
CAMBERWELL.*Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.*ALADDIN (MISS FLORENCE BURNS), AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE,  
MANCHESTER.*Photo by Lafayette, Manchester.*



RED RIDING HOOD (MISS ROSE MONCRIEF), AT THE NOVELTY THEATRE.

*Photo by Brooker, Greenwich.*

CINDERELLA (MISS DAISY WOOD), AT THE PAVILION THEATRE.

*Photo by Hana, Strand.*

CINDERELLA (MISS LILIAN STANLEY), AT THE BRIXTON THEATRE.

*Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.*

CINDERELLA (MISS RUBY VERDI), AT THE GAIETY THEATRE, DUBLIN.

*Photo by D'Arcy, Dublin.*



PRINCE CHARMING (MISS CISSIE NEIL), AT THE GAIETY THEATRE, DUBLIN.  
*Photo by D'Arcy, Dublin*



POLLY PERKINS (MISS EVA HAMBLIN), AT THE GRAND THEATRE, CROYDON.  
*Photo by Treble, Clapham Junction.*



PRINCE AMOROSO (MISS V. ST. LAWRENCE), AT THE NOVELTY THEATRE.  
*Photo by Hana, Strand*



DANDINI (MISS CLAIRE ROMAINE), AT THE BRIXTON THEATRE.  
*Photo by Hana, Strand.*



A CHINESE DANCER AT THE THEATRE METROPOLE, CAMBERWELL.



THE GIANT GRINDBONES AT THE BRITANNIA THEATRE.



THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA (MR. FRANK LISTER), AND SINBAD (MISS NELSON), AT THE SURREY THEATRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LASCELLES, FITZROY STREET, W.



ROBINSON CRUSOE (MISS MADGE MERRY), AT THE THEATRE ROYAL,  
EDINBURGH.

*Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh.*



NYCEE-NYCEE (MISS GODWINNE EARLE), AT THE THEATRE METROPOLE,  
CAMBERWELL.

*Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.*



GANEM (MISS SUSIE BEAVEN), AT MORTON'S THEATRE, GREENWICH.

*Photo by Brooker, Greenwich.*



AN ARCHER (MISS M. TURTON), AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, GLASGOW.

*Photo by Lafayette, Glasgow.*



MOTHER GOOSE (MR. E. S. VINCENT), COLIN (MISS CARRIE LAWRIE),  
AND THE GOOSE (MR. TED BARNARD), AT THE STANDARD THEATRE.

*Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.*



COGIA ALI (MR. GEORGE CONQUEST, JUN.), AND SHIRAZA ALI, AT  
THE SURREY THEATRE.

*Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.*



PRINCESS PRETTY PET (MISS V. FRANCES), AND HOP-O-MY-THUMB  
(MISS J. DAWSON), AT THE BRITANNIA THEATRE.

*Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.*



PRINCE AZAN (MISS MARIE BURDELL), AND PRINCESS IRZA,  
AT THE SURREY THEATRE.

*Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.*



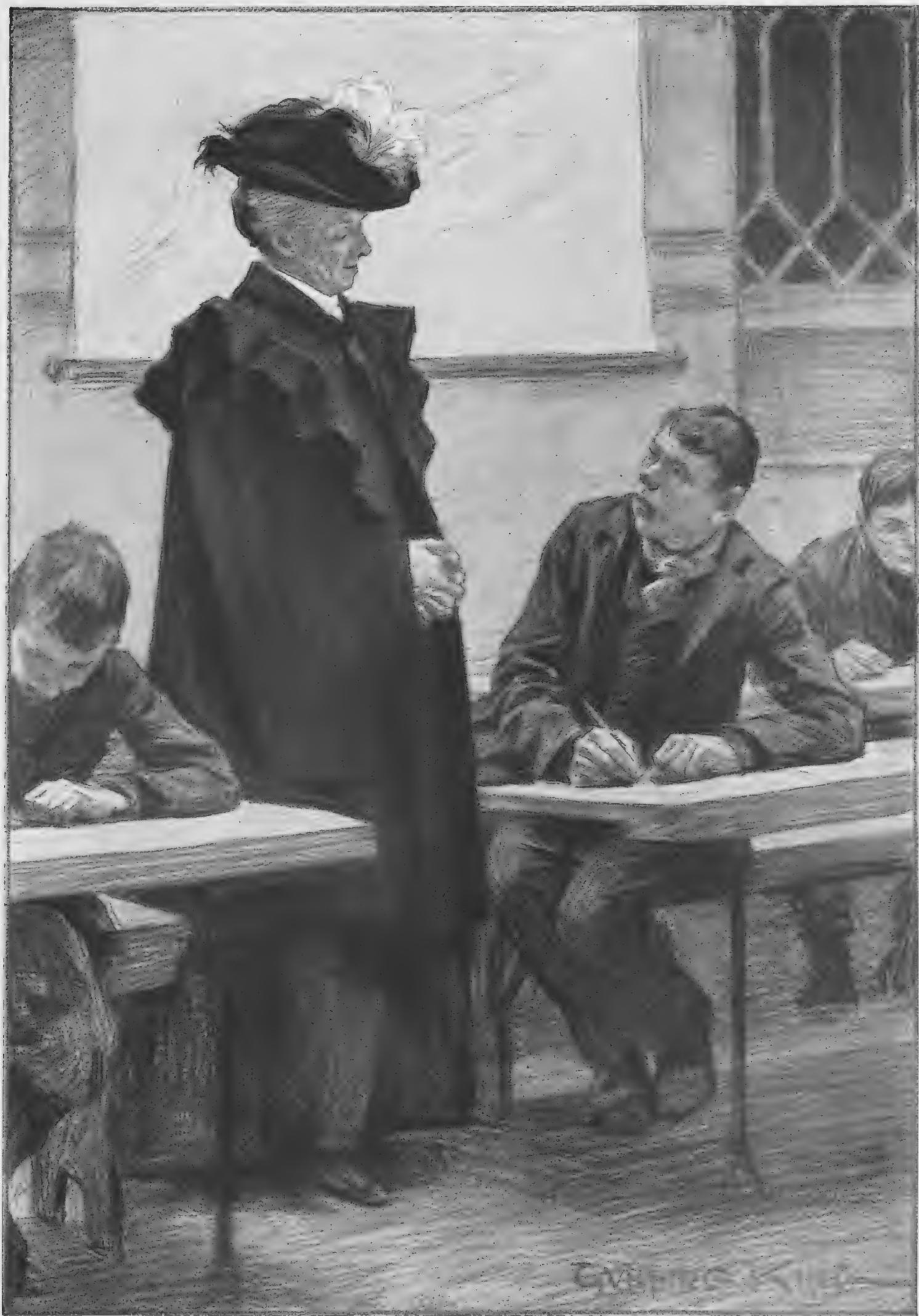
ZORADEE (MISS LOTTIE HALLETT), AT THE SURREY THEATRE.

*Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.*BEAUTY ALLFAIR (MISS MAY FAYRE), AT THE TYNE THEATRE,  
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.*Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*

BARONESS SELTZOGENE (MISS LALOR SHIEL), AT THE BRIXTON THEATRE.

*Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.*THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES (MISS EDITH YORKE), AT THE  
BRITANNIA THEATRE.*Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.*

## THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



LADY VISITOR: I am very pleased to see you here again, and I hope you will become a regular attendant. By-the-bye, have you been confirmed yet?

SCHOLAR (*hesitatingly*): Well, Mum, I'm not quite sure, but—er—I think I've got the marks on me arm!



FAIR AMERICAN (*after a graphic description of an English fox-hunt*) : Now, tell me, Captain, does the poor animal go in circles round the island ?



RISKY.



SMITH : Have you ever been chucked out of the Cri. ?

ROBINSON : No ; but I 've been chucked from the R.A. very often.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE CRUISE OF THE "KISMET."

BY DEREK VANE.

"Won't you give me an answer, Denise?"

"I don't know what to say. I have been accustomed for so long to look upon you as a friend that I cannot think of you as anything else. I like you very much, you know."

"But you don't love me?"

"What do you mean by love? I am very fond of you—I honour and esteem you more than anyone else I know. There is no one to whom I would sooner turn if I were in trouble."

The man sighed almost imperceptibly. "I am afraid, Denise, that, if you really loved me, you would not need to think about it. You would have known what to say to me at once."

"I am very sorry," holding out her hand to him impulsively. "I can't bear to grieve you—tell me what you would like me to say."

"Oh, Denise, don't tempt me! You are such a child, and I am old enough to be your father—I ought never to have spoken to you in this way." But he kept the hand she had stretched out to him, and she let it remain.

"You have been so good to me all my life," she murmured. "I don't know what I should have done without you. I can't afford to lose you now."

The man's eyes brightened. "I believe you do love me a little, after all, child," he cried, kissing the slender fingers. "I can't bear to seem to take advantage of your youth and innocence, but if you could love me well enough to marry me you would make me a very happy man."

"Then let it be so," she said softly. "I should like to make you happy."

"You are sure there is no one else?" he asked gravely when he said good-bye. "If you would like time to think it over, take as long as you wish. You must not make a mistake. Perhaps there is someone nearer your own age—?"

"There is no one," she said decisively. "I don't like boys. But, of course, if you don't want me—"

To this there was only one reply possible, and Humphrey Farquhar went downstairs looking ten years younger than when he went up. But his eyes were a little dim, and he could not have trusted his voice, and it was a positive relief to his feelings to find a crossing-sweeper outside to whom he could give half-a-crown.

People had shaken their heads over the marriage. Such a great disparity of age—nearly thirty years—never answered, they said, and they were inclined to think Mr. Farquhar would regret it by-and-by. It was always the man who suffered in such a case.

But time went on, and they were obliged to confess that they had made a mistake. It was an ideal marriage. In the husband's devotion there was nothing ridiculous—it was too restrained and manly to be obtrusive; and Denise repaid his tenderness with a pretty consideration and affection which were patent to all. If she were a little childish and irresponsible, that was her way. Denise had never taken anything in life very seriously.

"Well, have you made up your party for Cowes, Denise?" asked her husband, as they sat at breakfast one morning in July. "The *Kismet* can accommodate half-a-dozen comfortably."

"I thought we would have the Lesters; they can sing and recite and be amusing, you know. You need never be dull with them."

"Very well," assented Humphrey, with less than his usual cheerfulness; "they will provide the 'comic relief'." He had not been feeling quite up to the mark lately, and somehow the thought of that youthful pair, who were nothing if not frivolous, tired him a little. But he said nothing; Denise was greatly looking forward to the regatta, and he did not want to spoil her pleasure. "And who else?"

"Oh, Flossie Tempest has almost begged me to ask her, so I suppose I shall; and we must have a nice man for her, or she won't be fit to speak to."

"Do you think one will be enough?" asked Humphrey, a little drily. "I should have said a couple, at least."

"Well, two; then, if you like," laughed Denise. "What do you think of Bobby and Mr. Thornton?"

"I should think Bobby would do. He can spout poetry and talk sentiment by the hour together. Miss Tempest will find him ready to supply all her needs. But why Guy Thornton?"

"Oh, he is so picturesque! I want my party to look nice, and he would redeem a Cook's collection from the commonplace. He always reminds me of the Giaour, or Manfred, or the Corsair; only he ought to be dressed in black velvet, with a crimson sash."

Humphrey laughed. "Have him then, by all means, if you think he can resign himself to anything so modern and unromantic as Cowes Regatta and blue serge."

The Queen's Cup had been raced for, also the Emperor's Shield, and then came a comparatively free day, when nothing important was doing.

"I think I shall run up to town this morning," Humphrey said to Denise, when she came on deck for a breath of fresh air before breakfast.

"Go to town!" she said in amazement. "What for? I thought you were so fond of yachting."

"So I am. But I have a little business to attend to, and as there is nothing much doing to-day, I thought it would be a good opportunity. I shall be back in good time." He was leaning over the side as he spoke, and she could not see his face clearly.

"As you please, of course," she said, her voice a little cold and offended. She stood near him, twisting her handkerchief in her hands. "Is anything the matter, Humphrey?" she asked after a minute, in a kinder tone.

"No, nothing," he replied, turning and looking straight at her; but his face was white under the bronzed skin, and his eyes had a wistful look. "There! go and enjoy yourself, little one," he said, laying his hand on her shoulder caressingly, "and don't bother about me."

Just then the gong sounded for breakfast, and, half an hour later, Mr. Farquhar was rowed ashore in the dinghy and took the express train to London. It was nearly nine o'clock in the evening when he returned, and his arrival happened to pass unnoticed in the darkness. The Solent was as crowded as London Bridge, and the little boat pulling for the *Kismet* was hardly likely to attract attention unless someone had been on the look-out for her.

As Mr. Farquhar stepped on board he heard sounds of merriment proceeding from the saloon, and, glancing through the fan-light, he saw Mr. and Mrs. Lester, Flossie Tempest, and the devoted Bobby engaged in the intellectual game of *Consequences*.

"They met on a falling star," read Bobby, with a splutter of enjoyment. "He said to her, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes'; she said to him, 'The butcher's bill was £1 4s.' The consequence was they wept the whole way home." A burst of laughter followed, and Humphrey moved on.

He saw two figures in the prow of the boat reclining in deck-chairs, and recognised them for his wife and Guy Thornton. For an instant he paused, then he went forward.

"When did you come? I didn't hear you," Denise exclaimed, rising and going to meet him. "What a long day you have had! I hope you have finished all that horrid business."

"Yes," he said, "it is finished." His voice sounded a little tired, and he dropped heavily into a chair. But he roused himself the next moment, and, pulling out an evening paper, made some remark to Guy Thornton on the news of the day.

"I am so glad you have come," Denise went on, speaking in a quick, eager tone, "because they are going to have the fireworks to-night, after all. It is almost dark now, so I expect the boats will start illuminating soon."

Almost as she spoke a flame of light spread from stem to stern of the stately *Hohenzollern*, then it crept up the rigging, until the noble yacht looked like a fairy palace. Denise gave a cry of delight; she had never seen the picturesque sight before, and Humphrey noticed that her eyes were shining like stars, and the pouting red lips had fallen a little apart like a child's. Was it because he was feeling old and weary to-night that she seemed so young and full of life?

Then the English royal yachts began to decorate themselves in the same fairy fashion—the *Victoria and Albert* being lit up with flames of different coloured fires—and other craft belonging to wealth and fashion followed suit, until it looked like an enchanted picture. Rockets shot up into the air, and specimens, curious and beautiful, of the pyrotechnist's skill blazed and crackled in every direction; but Denise thought she would rather have been without these, they took away from the tranquil beauty of the scene. She liked to watch the graceful white-winged flock that rode the waves so proudly, outlined in globes of light, and to listen to the lapping of the water below. She leant back in her chair with a deep sigh of content.

"Does it come up to your expectations?" Guy Thornton asked in his soft, sympathetic voice.

"It exceeds them. I feel as though I had been transplanted to some enchanted land. Doesn't the world—the London world—seem a long way off?"

"And yet it is all round us," he rejoined, with a laugh, "but tempered with nature, and that makes a difference. But you are not tired of society yet, Mrs. Farquhar?"

"Oh, no, I love it! It is so delightful to be young and able to enjoy everything that comes in your way. When I am old I dare say I shall detest it all; I shall be a mass of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness, because my turn will be over, and I shall hate to be shelled."

Perhaps they had forgotten Humphrey Farquhar, sitting motionless in his dark corner, and presently he crept away without disturbing them. But Denise stopped on deck until the yachts were blotted out one by one and disappeared into the darkness, and silence and night had fallen over sea and land.

When the Cowes week was over, they cruised round the coast, stopping here and there for various small regattas. Denise negatived any suggestion of returning home; she said, after living between sea and sky for so long she could not bear the idea of being shut up in a house. And yet she did not look as well and happy as she should have done under the circumstances. On the contrary, there was a sleepless look

about the eyes which was new to them, and her once sunny good humour had become strained and fitful. She was merry or sad without apparent cause.

Perhaps the Lesters and Flossie Tempest and Bobby had managed to extract the most enjoyment from the cruise of the *Kismet*. They had got up impromptu dances, tableaux, charades, and had even started a daily paper, which was a charming medley of fun and sentiment. The poetry was generally contributed by Bobby, under the heading of "Heart-Throbs," and bore more than a suggestion of Byron.

But at last the yachting season was over, and it was definitely decided to make for home.

"I will tell her as soon as we get back," Humphrey said to himself as he sat smoking on deck late one night. "I suppose I ought not to have deferred it so long, but I didn't want to spoil her enjoyment. And then, somehow, the last week or two Denise and I seem to have drifted apart; I never see her alone now. I dare say it is my own fault; I have been but a dull companion of late."

Whoever else had benefited from the trip, Mr. Farquhar certainly had not. His face seemed almost ghastly in the moonlight; there were hollows in the sunburnt cheeks and a look of suppressed pain in the steady eyes; the broad shoulders appeared to fall forward a little too, and for the first time in his life his look and bearing suggested that he was getting an old man.

He was sitting in a sheltered corner out of sight of anyone who might be on deck. Presently he threw the end of his cigar away, and roused himself with a sigh.

"It is time I went to bed," he murmured; "but what is the use when you can't sleep?" He was raising himself slowly in his seat when he caught the sound of light footsteps coming up the companion-way, and, a little surprised, for it was growing late and he thought everyone had retired for the night, he waited to see who it was. The next moment he recognised his wife.

He was going forward to meet her when he heard a quick step coming from the opposite direction, and before he could move he saw a man standing at her side. By that swift, gliding step, and the tall, lithe form, he recognised Guy Thornton. For the moment he was quiet from astonishment. So he had not had the place all to himself, as he had fancied; and how came it that Denise was here with Guy? But it was evident that his presence had taken her by surprise too.

"You here!" she exclaimed. "I thought everybody had gone to bed, and I came on deck for a breath of fresh-air. I could not sleep, it is so hot below."

Her voice was not quite steady, and in a fitful burst of moonlight Humphrey caught a startled look on her face, that was half fear, half something else.

Whatever it was, it held him motionless in his seat; he could not have stirred now. She moved slowly to the side, Guy Thornton keeping step with her, and stood looking down into the water; her head was bare, and she was wrapped in a long cloak. They were out of sight of the man at the wheel; as far as they knew—for Humphrey was hidden by the darkness—they were alone on deck. He held his breath, as he might have held it in the face of some unknown danger that was rushing to overwhelm him. What was it? There was something.

At last Guy spoke. "I never thought of trying to sleep," he said. "I knew I shouldn't succeed." His voice was low, and throbbed with emotion; but they were not far off, and Humphrey could hear every word that was said.

Denise made no answer. "I feel cooler now," she said, trying to speak naturally. "I am going below. Good-night," and she turned away.

He stretched out his hand entreatingly. "Don't go yet," he implored. "Remember, this is the last night. To-morrow we shall be miles apart. It is for the last time. Have a little pity on me."

She hesitated, and seemed to try and command herself.

"You have no right to speak to me in that way," she said in a low tone. "I have never given you permission to do so."

"I know," he said hoarsely; "you have never given me a kinder word than you might have bestowed on the merest friend, but sometimes your voice and eyes have spoken without your will—otherwise I think I should have gone mad."

She turned round and looked at him a minute without speaking.

"As you say, it is the last night," she said slowly, and it seemed as though her voice had lost all expression; "and, if it will be any comfort to you, I will acknowledge that I care—that I care very much. Perhaps, as you say, it is vain to deny it. I have not had much practice in such matters, you see, and my self-control is not as strong as I could wish. Stop!"—as Guy made an eager step towards her. "Hear me out. But, at the same time, that is the beginning and the end. It shall go no farther; it has gone too far already. When I say good-bye to you to-morrow, it is good-bye for ever. I blame myself very much that I did not see where I was drifting until it was too late; but, as I said before, I had no experience to guide me. In the future I shall try to atone."

"Denise! you cannot mean it—you cannot put me so completely out of your life!"

"I can, and I will, though it break my heart. Do you think that, now my eyes are opened, I would knowingly take one step away from my husband towards you? I have been weak, but not wicked. When I forget how he loves me and trusts me, may God forget me!"

The next moment she was gone.

Humphrey did not know whether it was hours or minutes before he came to himself and realised where he was and what had happened.

The moon had disappeared, and everything was in darkness. He staggered to his feet and walked slowly and carefully round the deck; he met no one, he was alone with the night. He sat down again, and tried to think the matter out.

His life lay in ruins about his feet; what was to be done with it? It could never be made complete or beautiful again. He had never thought of such a thing as this; he was accustomed to Denise's gay, unconventional ways, to her frank *camaraderie* with men she liked, and not once had he suspected where she was drifting, not once had he attributed her changed looks and manners to the real cause. Perhaps, if he had not had so much to think about himself, he would have seen that something was wrong and been able to stop it in time. He told himself that he had been careless and neglectful, that it was more than half his own fault.

Poor little Denise! how loyal she had been; what a brave fight she had made, though it was easy to see what it cost her—that she was fighting against her own heart. It had all been a mistake; he ought never to have married her. He had taken advantage of her youth and innocence—he had been so eager to believe that she loved him—and now her life was ruined. She was tied to him, and she loved another man.

He did not blame Guy Thornton very much either; perhaps he felt too weak and weary to be very angry with anyone. It was not Guy's fault that he looked like a hero of romance, that he seemed so much more fitting a partner for Denise than himself. He did not believe that Guy had knowingly set himself to do evil; he was naturally too upright and honourable for that.

Well, he could not decide to-night what was best to be done. To-morrow, when they were alone again in their own home, he would be better able to think it out.

Eventually Humphrey decided to say nothing of what he had heard or seen; he shrank from putting it into words, and he thought it would be easier for Denise if he kept silence. It would save both her and himself a humiliation. To talk about what had happened would be no good; he could trust Denise, he knew, and his whole endeavour now should be to help her to forget. It might be only an episode, he thought hopefully—time and absence will often work wonders—and they might be happy again some day.

But a month passed, and Humphrey began to lose hope. It made his heart ache to look at Denise; she had grown so patient and quiet, she was so anxious to please him; all her little wilful moods and teasing ways had disappeared, and she looked as though the mainspring of her life were broken. Humphrey began to tremble. With such highly strung, sensitive natures, in whom vitality takes the place of solid strength, he knew trouble gets a deeper hold than it does with more everyday mortals, who suffer and rejoice in strict moderation. She seemed to grow more fragile and ethereal-looking day by day, but she never complained, and went out as much as ever; it was only in society that she regained something of her former gaiety.

He had been too hopeful, it seemed; the trouble had gone deeper than he thought; something told him that all his efforts would be in vain here. Denise loved Guy Thornton, and would always love him; she had never loved anyone else—not even himself; that had been only liking and esteem.

He was thinking all this, sunk in gloomy brooding, when a letter was brought to him. It was from the great surgeon whom he had consulted some two months ago when he was at Cowes, reminding him that the operation advised should be performed as soon as possible to give the greatest chance of success. In the suspense and unhappiness of the last few weeks he had almost forgotten that his own life hung in the balance, that he had to face a difficult and dangerous operation or—certain death. In the presence of the greater trouble he had let any consideration for self fall into the background—he had not even told Denise of what awaited him. It was not easy to tell her now; he shrank from pity where he should have found love.

He threw down the letter with a short laugh, and his head fell forward on his breast. He looked an old man now, old and worn and very weary, and the lines of pain were cut deep.

He sat quite still for a little while, then he looked up.

"I should be a wreck in any case," he murmured; "I should never be fit for much again, Moreton said so. It would mean a quiet life in the country, and no trouble or worry of any kind." His mouth twisted. "It would be a shame to take Denise away from everything she enjoys, to tie her to my Bath-chair. It would kill her before very long. I have done her harm enough. I will do her no more."

"What was it Moreton said: if I didn't have the operation he wouldn't give me more than three months to live? Well, that will do; it will be time enough. I'll write and tell him I have decided not to have it done. Denise need never know anything about it, and—and I shan't have quite spoilt her life, after all."

Some capital stories about Lord Kelvin are told in the *Rothesay Academy Magazine*, which is quite a veteran in schoolboy journalism. As everybody knows, he came out Second Wrangler at Cambridge; but it is said that he was so sure of being first that, when the results were hung out and he could not get near for the crowd, he did not ask, "How do I stand?" but "Who's second?" One writer who writes enthusiastically about Meredith, speaks of the Kailyard school as being now engaged in "consuming its own smoke for want of more peat, bog-myrtles, briar-bushes, &c." It is significant that the severest criticism of the Kailyard has come from the Kailyard.

## AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

My wanderings have brought me to Milan, where I am suddenly struck by the pictorial aspect of my luggage. The kit-bag, a beautiful, roomy bag, in which I packed a great many things I have since been unable to find, is decorated like the front of a Genoese palazzo. Every hotel-keeper who has had it through his hands has clapped his label on it, so that the leather surface is resplendent with fantastic designs. All this has been done without my leave; and it occurs to me that, as an advertising agent *malgré lui*, the traveller ought to have a commission. Why should my kit-bag be used as a sort of movable hoarding to set forth the style and dignity of Continental hotels without any advantage from this publicity accruing to me? When I return home, I shall set about the establishment of a Travellers' Advertisement Union, the members of which will decline to allow their baggage to be labelled at hotels except for a duly specified consideration. I shall mark my kit-bag in square spaces, to be let at a fixed charge. The tariff of the Union will be regulated, of course, according to the personal importance of the traveller. A duke will command high rates, and a popular actress ought to defray the whole cost of a journey out of the emoluments of her hotel-labels.

I am surprised that this great idea has not occurred to some organiser of travel like Mr. Cook or Dr. Lunn. It has possibilities of profit, not in the merely commercial sense. For instance, it might lead to a renaissance of art in a country like Italy, where the popular conception of decoration is sadly inartistic. The great object of the Italian decorator to-day seems to be to say the thing which is not. As I look out of my window on the Place Cavour, it is not the statue of the most eminent of Italian statesmen that offends me, though Cavour was a most uncongenial subject for sculpture, and is painfully suggestive in this case of a head waiter presenting the bill. It is a house opposite that arrests my protesting eye, with its walls painted to look like shrubbery. Everywhere you turn the Italian decorator is always trying some dodge of this kind. It seems as if the owners of houses are determined to make-believe that they possess beautiful shrubs growing out of graceful balconies, and do not mind paying the penalty of disgust in the mind of the observer when the trick is detected.

Now, if the Travellers' Advertisement Union resolved to boycott every Italian hotel which flaunted itself in such labels as disfigure my kit-bag, some improvement in this branch of native art might be effected, and might even spread through the whole range of architectural design. I know it may be retorted that we ought to look at home—that London needs to be beautified according to enlightened ideas more than any foreign city. But London is not the cradle of a great artistic tradition. London has no sublime inspiration like Milan Cathedral. In Italy you travel among glorious monuments till you carry with you some traces of their splendour. When I opened my kit-bag, after quitting Genoa, an indefinable suggestion of that illustrious discoverer, Christopher Columbus, spread itself over me, though it did not help me to find my shirts! I know that my hat-box, when I leave Milan, will be surrounded by a halo of Leonardo da Vinci. Why should it be desecrated by labels which are repugnant to the instincts of beauty? When the Travellers' Union comes by its own, my luggage, after a visit to Italy, will present a very different spectacle. At Victoria I shall be received on the platform by the President of the Royal Academy and his colleagues, with a throng of art students, who will admire the masterpieces on my kit-bag, every one of them as delicately finished as a Meissonier. For, by that time, every Italian concierge will be a consummate artist who will enrich the trunks and valises of visitors with trophies of his brush.

In that blessed future, the Italian cook, I trust, will be content with the natural colour of rice. At present he likes to make his risotto a bright orange-chrome, and to drown it in olive-oil. My raptures over the olive-groves of the Riviera faded when I understood the unction of the Italian chef. The food in some places is incredible. Macaroni and the endless tape which is called "spaghetti" you can tolerate; but beware of *zampone*! An ill-starred curiosity prompted me to order this dish, which proved to be huge slices of sausage—terribly potent sausage—drenched in a liquid which made castor-oil a delicacy by comparison! The homeless London cat would have fled from such fare! Perhaps it is this sausage which endears Northern Italy to the average German tourist. I see him eating it with relish, while a spectacled nose hovers close to the plate, revelling in the odour, which reminds him, no doubt, of his home in the Fatherland. Now and then he lifts his head; his right hand wanders to his brow, carrying a knife; his eyes roll

upwards. Probably he is registering a vow to do all that lies in his individual genius to sustain this great bond of highly flavoured sausage between Germany and Italy!

I wonder whether this taste for plain living and patriotic thinking comes out in the German tourist's palm. Some fair palmist, I learn from *Pearson's Magazine*, has been inspecting photographs of eminent hands, and has pronounced decrees of fate concerning them, without any prior knowledge of their identity. Thus, Sir Walter Besant is told that he is a *gourmet*, and Mr. G. R. Sims that he will die a violent death, probably by assassination. Mr. Sims makes light of this; and it seems unlikely that even the most maniacal lust for blood would choose "Dagonet" as a victim. But, as Sir Walter Besant is rather vague on the subject of his eating and drinking, I yearn for more precise information. What is there in the texture of the palm that denotes the difference between a *gourmet* and a *gourmand*? Would the German tourist be able to conceal from the palmist his inordinate fondness for *zampone*? Pudding is my besetting weakness, the chief symbol, I believe, of the predominance of sentiment in my character. As I look back upon my life I can trace the influence of pudding in some of its most momentous incidents. Tell me, O Teresina, pupil of "Cheiro," is this written indelibly on my hands? They shall be submitted to you—no photographs, but veritable palms; and if you can tell me the particular pudding which has shaped my destiny, I will vaunt your science to the world.

Palmists I have known have always promised me money. On this showing I ought to have the hand of Midas; but I do not observe any disposition in inanimate objects to turn to gold when I touch them. The pen I habitually use, for example, remains an obstinately prosaic steel. Some quill-pens, famous in literature, seem to have been drawn from the goose that laid the golden eggs; but what have geese to do with palmistry? The unaccountable delay of this fortune to which I am entitled by the itching of my palms tempts me to sceptical irreverence. The hand is, no doubt, to a certain extent, a physical expression of temperament; but so, in a far greater degree, is the face; and no physiognomist has ever been so confident of prediction and retrospect as the palmists. Certain mental attributes can often be read in a face; but does mine indicate, as my hand ought to do, that at the age of seventeen (pudding again!) I was martyred by bilious attacks? Will some Teresina of physiognomy look into my eyes (be still, fluttering heart!) and tell me a true tale of unrequited passion? I express my readiness for these experiments because it is desirable that a man should know where he stands. If it be true that his hand is a sort of involuntary diary, the resources of science must furnish him with some means of protection, so that, when he takes an innocent nap after dinner, his wife (who is a pupil of Teresina) may not snatch an observation of his palms, and wake him to awkward disclosures!

A school for short-story tellers! Miss Florence Marryat tells us that she is beset by novices who want to know when to kill the villain and marry the heroine. She takes this appeal quite gravely, and proposes to found an academy where the budding romancer is to be fostered into bloom, while mistaken ambition is gently but firmly dismissed. Miss Marryat says one thing which ought to show her that all scholastic discipline in this affair, if it be not self-applied, must be futile. The novice "must read." If he or she cannot learn from the masters of the craft all that is essential to the student, an academy of story-telling is worse than useless. Miss Marryat is an experienced novelist; but, when she couples Mr. Hardy and Mr. Hall Caine as models for the beginner, I am tormented by doubts as to her qualifications for the duties of preceptor. The great qualities of Mr. Hardy belong exclusively to an individuality which cannot be communicated. Mr. Hall Caine's power is due, I imagine, less to his art than to his nervous vitality. The purely technical merit that reading impresses on a pupil is not to be found in English writers. Miss Marryat must send her young friends to Maupassant, the greatest craftsman in the short story that ever lived. Let them begin by reading the preface to "Pierre et Jean." Tolstoi summed up Maupassant in these pregnant words: "He knew how to see, and how to describe what he had seen."

The effect of Maupassant's art is that, when you have read one of his stories, you feel that everything vital has been said, and that there is not a word too much. How many of Miss Marryat's young friends are likely to approach this perfection? When they have done their little exercises in killing the villain and marrying the heroine, how much nearer will they be to any real technique? What vision will they have of life? Well, a year or two ago it was said in Paris that Maupassant's fame was extinct, that France had ceased to read him. Still, new editions of his books appear regularly, and during the last few weeks I have not seen a French bookstall without a complete set of them. If this means extinction, every story-teller would be delighted to share it!

## HORS D'OEUVRES.

One of the delights of my early days—or, more strictly speaking, of my early Sundays—was the cheerful collection of verses known as Dr. Watts's "Divine and Moral Songs for Children." They were contained in a slim volume bound in blue cloth boards, with a profligate display of tasteless gilding on sides and edges—a very South African



From "Divine and Moral Songs for Children, by the Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D."  
Illustrated by Mrs. Arthur Gaskin. (Elkin Mathews.)

millionaire of a book. The illustrations were of the woodcut, wooden; but the letterpress it was that was the joy of the junior members of the family. The use we made of the didactic Doctor's effusions was by no means divine, and possibly less than moral; but we extracted a good deal of quiet and decorous amusement from his pages.

A fair amount of unconscious humour was revealed by the mere obvious expedient of making the lines rhyme. The Reverend Isaac lived considerably before the advent of Mr. Swinburne; and, therefore, it is not to be wondered at that his rhymes are generally inadequate and occasionally hideous. Printers' rhymes, such as "love" and "move," one might expect; even Tennyson made many such in his early days. But "guard" and "lord," "fruit" and "brought," "come" and "tomb," "lamb" and "man," and "drop" and "hope," are pairs beyond the power of persecuting printers to link together; and by making the second of each pair rhyme with the first (as it should do in a well-conducted poem), meanings hitherto hidden were drawn from the good Doctor's doggerel.

Then there was another more subtle method of interpreting the pious verses. The first and third lines of one quatrain were interlaced with the second and fourth of another, and new light was shed on the meaning of Watts, even as a Donnelly has, in somewhat similar fashion, woven strange tales from Shakspere. One "Moral Song," in particular, gave rich results—

If I meet with railing tongues,  
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them,  
Since I best revenge my wrongs  
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

But there was one way in which we did not turn the "Divine and Moral Songs" to humorous account. We never dreamt of getting them up in a little square mustard-green-glazed-paper-covered book with a linen back, with illustrations in the style first made popular by Miss Kate Greenaway. Yet this is what has been done, and by no other than Mr. Elkin Mathews, of Vigo Street, once, indeed, a Brother of the Bodley Head, and the part-publisher of songs neither Divine nor Moral. But those wild, mad days are past. Even the more reckless of the Great Twin Brethren has forsaken the Dauberies of the Beardless, and the verses of those who strove to be wicked and were merely unpleasant. And the graver of the twain must needs maintain his reputation for superior sobriety. So he has issued Watts's "Divine and Moral Songs," with coloured designs admirably adapted for reproduction in crewel-work.

The pictures, indeed, are charming. They are in outline, with faint colouring and patterns on the dresses. They represent chubby children,

pretty and rosy, in various attitudes, with delightful old-world costumes, all spotlessly clean. They are due to Mrs. Arthur Gaskin, who dedicates them to her husband and tutor in art. The teacher and pupil are both to be congratulated. Very charming is a picture supposed (I really cannot see why) to illustrate the lines—

Whatever brawls disturb the street,  
There should be peace at home.

Two quaint little girls, one in a poke-bonnet and dress showered over with big red roses, and the other in an equally pretty blue-patterned gown, are sitting on the floor with a small boy in a neat yellowish-green frock. Each is nursing a toy, and the two faces that are seen are absolutely expressionless, like the faces of children in a piece of needlework.

The child "receiving instruction well" has a very pretty old-fashioned frock, with puffed white sleeves and wide collar, and a fascinating china-pattern blue-and-white skirt. The young and pretty mother has a delightful art-cotton dress, with pink roses and yellow-green leaves on it, and sits in a yellow-green cosy chair diversified with a pattern of conventional flowers. Other designs are not always so happy. The child contemplating the "busy bee" hive, standing on a mustard-green plain dotted with anemones, looks in terror of being stung. The little girl proudly showing her new bonnet to an awe-struck friend (No. 22, "Against Pride in Clothes") seems unconscious—or is this satire?—of the utter hideousness of the headgear and its frankly impossible colouring.

The Sluggard, again—I had nearly said the Lobster—is a totally erroneous conception. He is represented as a small boy waking up reluctantly in a very neat and pretty bed, under a counterpane worked in blue and red, rather like Russian needlework. Now, a little more sleep will probably do such a child good, and in any case he is not in a position to ruin his prospects by neglecting his business and letting his garden turn a wilderness. Dr. Watts referred to the Sluggard of the Book of Proverbs—the householder who lets family and fortune go to ruin while he sleeps. The worst that the boy in the picture can do at present is to be late for breakfast. Of course, he *may* grow up to be like the Sluggard who is enjoined to go to the Ant—though it would probably be more effective for the Ant to go to him.

But, seriously, it may be doubted whether the "Divine and Moral Songs" are exactly wholesome mental food for children of the present. They are full of a bygone theology, and there is altogether too much dwelling on future retribution. And the versification is, as a rule, atrocious. To bring children into intimate relations with badly written books is a crime against their intellect. The ear that has learnt to tolerate Watts will never fully enjoy real poetry. And contempt for



From "Divine and Moral Songs for Children, by the Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D."  
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His style may lead to irreverence towards his themes. There is a sufficiency of religious poetry and hymns, suitable for children, and tolerably well written; Dr. Watts can be fairly allowed to sleep, except in the half-dozen or so of really fine hymns in which his piety made him a poet in spite of himself.

MARMITON.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

The greatest of the Rugby international matches to be played this season is that fixed between Wales and Scotland on Jan. 30. I know that if we observe tradition we must regard England *v.* Scotland as the great trial of strength; but then, you will agree with me that Wales has outlived tradition, and that we have changed immeasurably with the times.

If we had paid heed to tradition, we should all of us have confidently voted for England against Wales the other day, whereas the crushing overthrow of the Rose by a goal and two tries to nil found us all complacent, and certainly not surprised. For, you see, Wales had won but a couple out of the thirteen previous matches played, and only last year had gone down with awful slaughter at the Rectory Field, Blackheath.

The longer I reflect on the England *v.* Wales international, the more puzzled I become as to why I should have had so little confidence in the national fifteen. For if Wales could make such an awful show at Blackheath with a team which exhibited combination, what could they hope to do with a side such as took the field against England this month—a side which was made up from more clubs than was any previous team? As a matter of fact, practically the same plan was adopted by England, and, knowing as I did what a great difference there is between Welsh form at home and away, I was quite reconciled to the impending disaster to England.

I am afraid that England's place at the top of the tree with Scotland must be taken by Wales, and I would venture to say that even Ireland will, in the ultimate table, be found in a loftier position than England. In truth, the merry Hibernians are quietly confident of carrying off the laurels outright, as they did a couple of years ago.

If only Scotland *v.* Wales had to be played in the Principality instead of in Edinburgh, I would vote outright and with confidence for the Taffies, who, in playing Ireland next March, will not be called upon to make that ever-potent journey across St. George's Channel. But Wales have to go to Scotland, and I am always fearful for the Welshmen on foreign ground. I do not for one moment suppose that Scotland can this season turn out a team to equal Wales. But, then, it is not always that the better team wins, and it is just as well that it should not.

I wonder when we are to see the last of Arthur Gould. People are always saying the same thing about Grace at cricket, but I think the case of the world's champion three-quarter is the more remarkable. Age is not a preventive to cricket, for have we not the case of Charles Absolom, who, almost double the age of Grace, is still taking wickets and making runs? A game like football is a severe strain on an old man, for we must regard thirty-three as old, especially at the Rugby game.

I trust it will be a long time before Gould's "retirement" is really, positively definite. Every footballer retires at some period or other, generally to reappear, and this has been the case with Gould. A more marvellous player has never stepped upon the field. He is not content with passing MacLagan's record of twenty-five internationals, but seemingly he is desirous of doubling it. Gould has done more than play well. He has been the means of coaching Welsh players into the proud position they now occupy. For, however the international battle may eventuate, there is no getting over the fact that Welsh clubs can smother those of any other country.

## CRICKET.

A remarkable performance was accomplished in Australia the other day, when players named Thompson and McMichael each topped the second century in the same innings.

The most surprising feature about these two two-hundred innings is that Thompson, who carried his bat for over 230, is only a colt, and, as a matter of fact, is still at school. Brief as has been the Australian season, Thompson has yet found time to compile half-a-dozen centuries, and the best critics in Australia predict a great future for him. Thompson is a smiling-faced youth, standing just six feet, and, though somewhat disappointing in the field, is, of course, worth his place if for batting only. He is a left-hander, and, like most left-handers of Australia, which country is remarkable for them, should give any amount of trouble to English bowlers, who have ever found difficulty in getting at the wickets of the Colonial gentlemen who "stand the wrong way round."

## GOLF.

I understand that Mr. Balfour has been elected captain for the ensuing year of the Eastbourne Golf Club, over whose links he has been occasionally accustomed to play.

Owing to the serious illness of a well-known member of the Totnes Golf Club, the ball that had been arranged in connection therewith has been indefinitely postponed.

From my exchanges I learn that the record has been beaten in America. This sort of thing is the national characteristic of America. The record consists of the longest drive by an amateur, and the gentleman who achieved this is Mr. H. R. Sweny, who accomplished the distance of

250 yards 1 foot during a tournament on the Watervliet Arsenal Golf Club links at Troy, New York.

The latest prominent disciple of the royal and ancient and aggravating game is Mr. Thomas Shaw, M.P., the eminent Queen's Counsel. Together with Mr. James Barrie, solicitor, Mr. Shaw recently opposed Mr. J. S. Turner, captain of the Hawick Club, and Mr. Goulding, the result being a halved match.

OLYMPIAN.

## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Many leading sporting men are enjoying themselves in the Sunny South, and they are not likely to return to England until March. The Casino at Monte Carlo is filled nightly with a gay throng, and the play, now that some of our professional backers have arrived upon the scene, is high. One big plunger, who is very successful on the English Turf, admits that he could never make money at anything else. If he speculates in the City he loses, while he can never win at cards; and as for pigeon-shooting, he has lost thousands by backing the gun or the bird, as the case might be.

The entries for the Great Metropolitan and the Chester Cup prove that the "stayer" is not yet extinct. True, Mr. R. I'Anson will have to handicap some horses for the Epsom event that cannot stay two and a-quarter miles; but some of the sprinters may turn out to be stayers, as Fatherless did last year. It will be interesting to see how the three-year-olds get on in this race. Palm Oil, who ought to have won the Cesarewitch Trial Plate at Newmarket, should get every yard of the Great Metropolitan course; but it is a remarkable fact that two-year-olds that run well in the Cesarewitch Trial Plate seldom do much good after.

The Jubilee Stakes will, I think, be one of the best speculating mediums of the Spring Handicaps. If Victor Wild is anything like the horse he was last year, it will be difficult to handicap him out of the race, as he is well suited by the easy mile. Marco Kilecock and the best of Robinson's lot will, too, command attention, while The Lombard, who was backed for pounds, shillings, and pence last year, is sure to be sent again if the weight suits. Lord Wolverton has entered Titan, a useful three-year-old that will win races, and few are likely to forget Yorker's brace of seconds to Winkfield's Pride when Sir Blundell Maple starts the son of Saraband in any handicap.

Turf scribes are apt to bewail the fact of a race attracting a small entry, and some mournful notes were sounded when it was made known that the Lincoln Handicap had not been blessed, in a numerical sense, in an equal degree with former years. But when one comes to look into the matter, it is not the entry that makes a race successful, although, of course, it goes some way towards that desired end. A large entry certainly shows that there is money about; but this might easily be counteracted by an adjustment of weights that does not favourably impress the owners of horses entered. On the other hand, with fewer horses to attend to, the handicapper would be likely to frame a better handicap, and a good acceptance would be practically assured. So, although the Lincoln magnet has not attracted so many needles as previously it has done, there is yet no need to mourn.

Collins, the Weyhill trainer, has far and away the most promising, besides the numerically strongest, team in the Grand National. His half-a-dozen include two winners in Father O'Flynn and The Soarer, two of the most promising youngsters in Stratocracy (whose former owner, by the way, would not part with him to Lord Cadogan until he saw the latter's cheque) and Ruric, and two useful customers in Ballet Girl and Prince Albert. With a team like this Collins is surely content. Ross too, lately arrived from Ireland, has a splendid quartet in Swanshot, Nelly Gray, Ford of Fyne, and Grigon. It should not be forgotten that when Nelly Gray was in Escott's stable she was, after Cloister broke down, fancied very strongly for this race. Trainers with three strings to their bow are Hardie of Epsom, Miller of Portslade (whose string includes a past winner in Wild Man from Borneo), Escott of Lewes, with three Antipodean chasers, and Joë Cannon of Newmarket. Several trainers have a couple in the race, but Willie Nightingall stands or falls by Rory O'More, last year's favourite. A curious entry is surely the Continental winner of numerous selling steeplechases. It is surely too much to expect an animal with a tube in its throat to get the Liverpool country, no matter what the weight. But we live in an age of surprises, and there is no knowing what will happen.

Presents are often given to jockeys who ride winners, but the biggest thing in the shape of a present I have heard of was given by an owner to a jockey's wife. It was a bracelet with the name of the successful horse her husband had ridden studded in diamonds of the first water. The bracelet must have cost many hundreds of pounds. I once saw a cheque for a thousand pounds that had been presented to a jockey for riding the winner of the Grand National, and I know of one owner who always gives his jockey three hundred pounds for riding the winner of a selling race.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"The Early Correspondence of Hans Von Bülow" (Unwin), the English edition of which Miss Constance Bache has prepared for press, appeals beyond the musical public. Von Bülow was a highly impressive personality, a stalwart fighter in an interesting movement, a man of fine intellect in other directions than his chosen profession, an excellent correspondent, too, albeit of the rather wordy type. Given in the present form, however, with merely biographical notes, the letters are not quite satisfying to the general English reader, who will want to know, for instance, what Hans actually did during the revolutionary troubles of '48 to so inspire his relatives and friends with alarm. Warnings on their part, repudiations and promises of prudence on his, are good for nothing as information. And there are other instances of the same kind. From Von Bülow's eloquent, too eloquent to be always clear, accounts of his doings, his motives, and his mishaps and few triumphs—for the correspondence stops when he was twenty-five—we spell out with some difficulty his early story, and a stirring one it is when pieced together. The young artists in our tolerant times have no chance of fighting as he did. "I have, however, a mission to fulfil in Berlin," he writes in 1855, "and I shall use every means to attain my object. A war of extermination against Mendelssohnianism, that is what ought now to be the most pressing business of the coterie Brendel." It was not merely the public he had to fight when he enlisted in the service of Wagner and Liszt. Even his romantic, poetical father was won over slowly, and never altogether. His mother, as revealed in these letters, a specially unpleasing though able woman, opposed him with vicious stubbornness. His tone to her is abjectly filial, though he sticks to his faith. Hers to him is cold, and her references to him till he nears success almost sneering. She writes of his enthusiasm in 1822, "He is very industrious; but is in continual agitation; he would be able to do such great things, but unfortunately he devotes most of his time to the glorification of Wagner. He is perfectly fanatical about it, and sacrifices himself entirely, placing himself and all his own aims in the background." But, though she was hardly sympathetic, her own troubles should be kept in mind, too. "What has happened next?" she writes to her daughter. "And has he money, or has he none? I fear it is the latter. To have such a child, rushing about the world in all sorts of adventures, is truly no sinecure. As our shoemaker lately said, 'The Herr Sohn has become a genius.'"

His own personality is revealed pretty clearly by the end of the book, and full enough it is of contrasts. Intellectually curious, yet narrow in some respects, and priding himself on superstitions, supremely interested in his own affairs, and ready to go to the death for his heroes, a revolutionist and something of a pedant, particularly dependent on sympathy and rejoicing in the unpopularity he suffered for his Master's sake, no page of even this early life of his is a tame one. The book is a running commentary also on the musical history of the time, of the doings and sayings of Wagner, Liszt, Joachim, Clara Schumann, and a host of minor lights. This early mention of a greater than himself among the young men is of interest. "I have got to know Robert Schumann's young prophet Brahms pretty well; he has been here a couple of days, and constantly with us. A very lovable, candid nature, and something really of God's grace, in the best sense, in his talent."

Very appropriately, just after Canterbury has been installing its Archbishop, and at the moment when round Peterborough is raging the wrath of the artistic world, Messrs. Bell begin the issue of their new illustrated "Cathedral Series." It is a pity that the Peterborough volume is not yet announced as being "in the press"; it might throw timely light on the accusations of slovenliness which have been hurled by (as yet) foiled modern restorers against the old builders of the pile. Canterbury and Salisbury are the subjects of the volumes already issued. They have nothing in common with the almost invariably wretched local guides save portability, and their only competitors in the quality and quantity of their contents are very expensive and mostly rare works, each of a size that suggests a packing-case rather than a coat-pocket. The "Cathedral Series" are important compilations concerning history, architecture, and biography, and quite popular enough for such as take any sincere interest in their subjects. The editors are Mr. Gleeson White and Mr. E. F. Strange, but as to the authorship of the various volumes no information is given.

"Crags and Craters: Rambles in the Island of Réunion" (Longmans) is addressed to leisurely people of an adventurous turn who want a new holiday-ground. The writer, Mr. W. D. Oliver, spent six months in the island—which, it is perhaps not superfluous to mention, is a neighbour of Mauritius, used to be called the Ile de Bourbon, belonged to us for a short time, and was given up to the French for much less adequate reasons than we have generally held sufficient for grabbing other places. The general reader, with no prospect of a holiday in the Indian Ocean, may let the book alone. Like so many of its kind, it is ill-written, packed with unimportant detail and somewhat commonplace reflections. To the mountaineer (of moderate ambitions), however, it opens out a new field. The island would seem to be inconvenient, in some parts of the coast unhealthy, on one side very rainy, but with magnificent scenery, mountains worth climbing, and views and air, when you reach them, and only the hardy traveller can, of the most inspiring kind, and worth any exertion.

## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

The winter bicycle is the latest invention of our American cousins. It is a motor-bicycle worked by a small gasoline engine, which is easily controlled. There is a foot-warmer and a shield in front of the fore wheel to keep off the cold blast from dainty feet. The hollow tubes are constantly filled with hot air from the motor, so that ladies, however cold the day may be, will never run any chance of getting frost-bitten. The tyres are non-puncturable, and, to prevent slipping on icy parts of the road, are supplied with small spikes, not of sufficient length to impede the progress of the wheel, but, at the same time, long enough to prevent the sudden slip. The motor itself is a very simple and small affair, and the little tank underneath contains sufficient fuel for a hundred-mile run. It is a wonderful little machine.

It has been left to the inhabitants of the Cannibal Islands to solve the great question of the most becoming costume for cycle-riders. Cycling, I am told, is becoming a rage among the natives, and the dress adopted is that of their forefathers, a description of which it is impossible to give, as my readers will, of course, know.

When lighting-up time arrives, cyclists' troubles often begin, and the reason is not far to seek. No lamp has really proved itself to be an unqualified success up to now; but with the advent of the Twentieth Century Head-light, as the new cycle-lamp is called, riding at night will be a joy instead of a time of dread. I have had the pleasure of inspecting this lamp, which hails from New York, but which can be seen at Messrs. Vigor's establishment, 21, Baker Street. It is certainly the very best lamp I have seen up to the present. It gives a wide breadth of light and illuminates the road, so that the rider can see where he is going. It is simplicity in itself, burns kerosene oil, is always clean, fits any machine, and cannot blow out from draught, nor will any fall extinguish it. Taken from the bicycle and used as a hand-lantern, there is no better. This lamp was in existence last year, but several improvements have been added. It is now sold in two sizes. The larger size, called "The Tandem," is also adapted for carriage use, and can be easily fixed on to any dashboard, the attachment enabling it to be fixed at any height or angle. The lamps are sold in a small box that takes up no room, and every carriage should have them, and thus do away with the present unsightly carriage candle-lamps that are always going out. The accompanying sketch shows the look of the invention, which has only to be tried to become the general favourite.

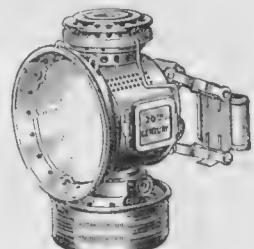
"Our Little Ones" is the registered title of the new bicycle for juveniles which Messrs. Vigor are having made for the coming season. The machine is specially made to meet the requirements of our little ones, and it will be a very surprising thing if in a few months we don't see all the children of the West End seated upon these dainty wheels, and trundling along the parks, squares, and thoroughfares, either for their own innocent amusement or doing the "shopping" for mamma.

Before taking leave of Messrs. Vigor's interesting establishment of novelties, I had a good look at the Columbia bicycle which has been so highly spoken of. It certainly seems to combine every improvement possible, and although in shape it differs little from the general run of cycles, there are many details which can be appreciated only on a close inspection.

A new and unexpected danger has arisen to persons cycling—at least, if their gear-eases happen to be made of celluloid. One hears from time to time of a railway carriage catching fire from an overheated axle, and now, it appears, a similar catastrophe may be in store for the cyclist. A man was, the other day, riding along a country road, when he felt his left leg becoming unaccountably hot, and looking down, he discovered that his gear-ease was ablaze. Hurriedly dismounting, he attempted in vain to extinguish the flames, which completely consumed the celluloid covering of his gear. Evidently the friction of the chain upon the gear-ease had caused it to burst into flame, celluloid being a highly inflammable substance. Hard riders, beware! Too much scorching may cause the scorcher to be scorched.

There appears to be one country where bicycling is not popular. The prevailing epidemic, which has spread over almost the whole civilised world, has not affected to any great extent the good folk of South America. There is, indeed, a flourishing cycle club at Buenos Ayres, composed principally of European residents; but the native population don't care about flying hither and thither on wheels. They prefer lying in the shade and smoking to exercise of any kind. But, then, they are not of the Anglo-Saxon race!"

I hear that Princess Hélène of Montenegro had a beautifully got-up bicycle given her as a wedding present; she is a very clever rider and fond of the exercise. I understand that, a few years ago, King Humbert of Italy would only admit the Dowager Duchess Aosta to the Italian Court on condition that she would give up cycling, to which he strongly objected. Now he and his Queen are both devoted to the wheel, and I understand that he has offered a prize, in the shape of a cup, to be competed for every year by members of Italian clubs.



THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HEAD-LIGHT.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## MANY INVENTIONS.

At the moment there is no girding up of sartorial loins whatever in town, all the trading world and his customers being busily employed in the absorbing matter of absorbable bargains—to make shocking English! Remnants, oddments, job lots, ragtag and chiffon bobtail, how unspeakably tired am I of them all, to be sure! Thanks be to the deities that

preserve over our altogether, there will be no more sacrificial orgies of the sort, however, until the seaside epoch arrives, and this bi-annual saturnalia, as a consequence, once more sets in, preparatory to the silent, desert days of August and September. Now, in Paris the creative instinct is never entirely submerged, however between-seasons are the times, and, in natural sequence, stray precursors of coming fashions hail us week by week from "La Ville Lumière" at times like the present, when they are doubly welcome, like the first swallow, or the first green peas, or first love—or, in fact, like anything that is entirely a new sensation and a contrast to preceding satiety. Therefore, in a fantastic first-comer and fore-shadower of summer ides which has been sent across the Channel for approval and enlightenment of a friend who gets all her frocks within a stone's-throw of the Place de l'Opéra, I see that we are to be built in three separate storeys of silk or satin or stuff for immediate future occasions. Briefly, the hideous skirt of three flounces and thirteen years back *redivivus*! The accompanying illustration indicates in itself what is to be. This is distressing. It

philanthropic interest of a little group of ladies, among whom the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Mackenzie of Gairloch may be named, the weavers have gradually evolved out of former crude combinations such easily applied and excellent patterns as are now known by the name of "Harris," "Lewis," and "Sutherland" tweeds—so called from the districts in which they are woven. The Scottish Home Industries Association, Limited, has been especially formed for the purpose of still further popularising such products as home-knit stockings, woollen goods, and the tweeds which are produced in the cottages of the Western Highlander. Nor does the Association seek more than a self-supporting margin of profit, and the excellent work it promotes in giving these intensely poor crofter families a fair market for their products, and so rescuing them from the long-established sweating process of local middlemen, cannot be too widely known and esteemed. Therefore, if patriotic Scotswomen, and, indeed, the tailor-frocked confraternity in general, would help the movement by asking for genuine trade-marked Harris and other Highland tweeds, they would assist an undertaking worthy of all assistance, while getting themselves both satisfactorily and smartly turned-out besides. There is a London agency at 12, Woodstock Street, W., which is always available where a difficulty exists in obtaining the Harris tweed; but, as a rule, any good tailor may be applied to.

One hears from the powers in being that capes are gradually dying the death, and, of course, it is a natural consequence on the greatly diminishing sleeve. At the same time, the end will not be just yet, and for evening-capes in particular I predict a long lease of favour. Two well-bestowed sisters of my acquaintance, who each have an ample quarterly allowance of pin-money, have just invested in theatre-capes, each of which should excite the envy and interest of all first-nighters within a radius of three stalls. One is made of amber velvet and white satin—"white and yellow like an egg," as Calverley says—with collar of sable and lapels edged with the same precious fur. A gathered flounce of Irish Youghal point-lace surrounds the shoulders, and the same beautiful work on a narrower width is gathered around neck, bunched in at back and front with posies of velvet violets; this lace, combined down the front in a cascade, added thirty guineas to the price of this little mantelette, from which a slight idea of its beauty and value may be gathered. The second girl's cape is altogether of white



WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

is worse, it is tragic, for our inches will be cut up and made little of by such style, while small women will dwindle into mere unconsidered trifles surrounded and dominated by flounces. Why, why cannot we keep the simple, stately, plain skirt of our tried affections? I suppose it is because the fashion-makers, like Rider Haggard's "She," have spoken. But the ukase will be fatal to our figures if it becomes law. Accompanying this midwinter madness of the mode is contrastingly reproduced the most piquant possible version in the new combination of blue and purple, which, in defiance of all traditional rules of colour, not to mention the side-lights it might throw on one's complexion in an east wind, is to all intents and purposes an established and favourite combination, like the green and sapphire which so long bestrode our externals together. An iris-purple cloth is surrounded by five rows of black satin flounces, narrow and cut on the bias to get the necessary "spring." The blouse-corsage is trimmed with five tiny rows of pale-blue satin, with a fourreau of black satin above. About the shoulders two little capes, one above another, fall prettily, which are also flounced with blue. A square black satin collar, with stole-ends, is edged with écrù lace, while tightly draped sleeves are fastened up, as is the bodice, with tiny turquoise buttons. To go with it is a picture-hat of black velvet, with pinkish-purple roses tucked under an erratic curve of the brim, bewitchingly and bewilderingly pretty. So ought to be its wearer. It always somehow seems a cardinal offence against the law of eternal fitness to meet a plain woman in a well-expressed hat or bonnet that only contrasts with instead of enhancing her unromantic effects.

But a truce to such frivolous philosophies of chiffon and French foliage. At the moment I am deeply exercised about the more solid and seasonable matter of a certain sort of tweed—genuine Highland tweed—which hails from the looms of Northern crofter or cottar, and seems to even suggest in its tone and texture the picturesque and sturdy surrounding in which it was woven.

In making a practical and much-needed effort to help the Western Highland home industries, where this cloth is manufactured, women need not commit the heroic act of wilfully wearing uglinesses in tailor-mades at which the fastidious constitution revolts. On the contrary, Highland tweeds are at the moment no less remarkable for well-designed patterns than those hard-wearing qualities which so well adapt them to all outdoor occasions. Under the cultured and



PURPLE AND PALE BLUE.

satin, a trying environment in itself, as sallow-faced brides bear daily mournful witness, but delightful when softened with a veil of ivory lace and thrown into relief by edgings of wolverine, as in the present instance. Over the lace which covers this fur-bordered cape comes another and shorter cape of priceless black Venetian lace, which, falling in long points over back and front, is caught up on the shoulders with bows of pink velvet and sable tails. I should have added that this black lace, being lined with mousseline-de-soie of the same shade, and

embroidered in high relief with jet spangles, is a peculiarly smart adjunct. At neck is a wide Medici collar of white point-de-gaze, edged with narrow sable bordering, over which pink velvet rosettes embedded in ruffles of white mousseline-de-soie are inexpressibly becoming. Cascades of the same filmy material, edged also with the same tiny strips of fur, come down at both sides of the cape in front, giving it the last touch of luxurious extravagance. It is lined with rose-leaf satin to match the velvet bows, and rosettes at neck and epaulettes. A third illustration denotes the last fashionable freak in hats, which is, moreover, an extremely becoming and picturesque departure. As will be seen, the brim is a double gather of velvet, flat on one side and curving upwards on the other. The crown, high and *bouillonné*, is of violet velvet. A black feather, fixed with a turquoise brooch under the brim, falls prettily on the hair; two others are arranged on the crown with blue and purple love-birds, as these pretty little tropical atoms are called, at the base. It is curious to notice how very little adaptation a Louis XVI. hat takes to bring it quite up to date. A well-known Society beauty has had one copied exactly from a fashion-plate of the period, and a modernised version of the same in another colour to go with one of her other gowns is by no means the better of the two. The crown, a high sugar-loaf, is covered in the first hat with black moiré antique, having a bow on left side, in which is set a beautiful black Bird of Paradise, with waving plumes. A wide steel buckle fastens a long Amazon ostrich feather, which turns over the brim, and curls beneath it over a *cache-peigne* of black moiré, this latter item being more fashionable now when made of ribbon than flowers. It is a quaint but very charming concoction, and the up-to-date example in white felt, with green velvet and feathers, does not, to my mind, outrival that revived creation of some long-gone modiste of another century.

Here, where we are alternately muffled up in brown fog or withered up in razor-edged east winds, it is but a melancholy satisfaction to reflect on the brilliant sunshine that lucky other people are enjoying elsewhere, whether it be at Nice, where the season has set in seriously, and mimosa and the blue Neapolitan violets lend sweetness to the balmy

of puffed-up white Roman satin. The hour-glass vases are admirably adapted for the ribbon treatment, as they are so slim half-way—at the waist-line, let us say. I met them at a very smart dinner this week, in amber glass tied with narrow white ribbons, and bearing narcissi and jasmine foliage. But, with mimosa, they are even still more fascinating. By the way, this triviality and table-talk leads me to indulge the temptation of disclosing a favourite and, as I venture to think, rather original manner of sending hare to table, that fleet-footed sportsman, while very much to the front—gastronomically—just now, being somewhat monotonous in his usual and familiar “juggedness.” *À l'Irländaise*, he, however, turns out vastly better than could have been supposed, and this is the method. Remove and cut into square pieces the flesh from backbone and sides of a plump hare, to which add one pound of fresh pork and one of bacon, half that quantity of ham, the same weight of truffles, and, lastly, some salt and spices. Proceed to line an earthenware pot with slices of bacon, over which go the dice of hare, together with ham similarly cut, the truffles quartered over all, a tablespoonful of Marsala, salt and spice to taste. Fill up the interstices with a stuffing made of the remains and parings of all these foregoing elements, chopped finely, and worked up with two egg-yolks and bread-crumb. Over this smooth layer finally lay thin slices of bacon and a roof of puff-paste. Cook for quite two and a-half hours. When done, turn the meat, cut in symmetrical pieces, on to a warmed silver dish, and serve with a garnish of good savoury jelly, finely sliced lemon, and well-picked water-cress, and the eater thereof will lift his thoughts in praise—or should.

Although Miss Moya Hennessy's marriage to the Vicomte L. de Janzé on Monday was necessarily a quiet one, owing to a recent death in M. de Janzé's family, some extremely magnificent gowns were in evidence, notably one on a stately matron, a relative of the bride, who appeared in violet velvet and cloth, the skirt in latter material “sun-pleated” all around, its end embellished with alternate purple and black braid put on in half-moons. Old ivory lace trimmed the front of velvet bodice, which was cut with circular tabs to basque, each embroidered with finely cut steel, beads and lined with tender-green satin. Similarly treated epaulettes appeared above the sleeves, which were made tight with two small bouillonnées above. The bolero, of fine silk embroidery in many-shaded mauves and greens, was a masterpiece, and edged round with sable. These colours repeated in muff and bonnet, which latter was treated to the inevitable Paradise plumes, made a harmony of spring-like tones very pleasing and subdued. Another gown, of steel-grey bengaline, with embroideries of black, white, and amber on bodice and front panel, was also very charming.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. K. (Davos Platz).—Your letter only endorses my constant supplication and advice to those about to travel. More than all others do persons who, like yourself, are booked for six months straight off in foreign hotels want constant changes of the indispensable smart blouse. As it is, I should advise you to send to Peter Robinson for four, giving the price you will not exceed for each. They have an endless variety, and if you mention that the recommendation comes through *The Sketch* every effort will be made to serve you well. Besides, this is the sale month, which also puts you at an advantage. I saw there a really charming tailor-made of dark grey tweed, smartly braided, for under four pounds only yesterday. The carriage out would be a comparative bagatelle, and I should advise you to send for it at once. Should you go to St. Moritz late, the Kulm is the gayest hotel, and on your way into Italy the Maloga makes a capital half-way house. I am amused at your account of the tea difficulty. It is an experience that most first-comers meet with.

CLUB WOMAN.—Your complaint is just, and few indeed among English cooks achieve a decent cup of post-prandial coffee—at least, those with only the wages you name. Have you ever tried what is called Red, White, and Blue Coffee? It always smells and tastes as if it had been ground and roasted within half an hour before use. Try it. As you say, the instinct of club life is growing, and we begin to find out that not the least amusing part of one's day is that spent away from home. Other times, other manners. But what would our grandmothers have said? The “County” is now in Hanover Square. But your house of call cannot be improved on.

Z.—I should advise a coat and skirt of tan vicuña, both lined with a bright rose-pink silk, and a blouse made with tiny tucks back and front of the same. You are then equally smart for indoor as out. The blouse should be in glacé silk. It stands out so much better, and does not hurt by being worn under jacket. I should think golf-clubs and other accessories are as cheap at Bussey and Co.'s, of 36 and 38, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., as anywhere.

BRIDE-ELECT.—If you have quite decided on having green hats for your bridesmaids, I think some variety might be introduced by having the three fairer girls in a light moss-green and the rest in darker, a fair and a dark girl walking up the aisle together. A pretty style is the capote toque, and very fashionable. The brim forms lapels, which are embroidered with emeralds and turquoises—a fashionable combination of the moment in Paris. These hats are lifted up at one side with posies of several shades in pink roses, which rest on the hair, and are finished by white Paradise tails and closely curled black tips. Burgee brooches with the name of your fiancé's yacht in emeralds on white enamel would be pretty and suitably nautical. Mr. Hiley, at Jay's, would design you a really smart and uncommon opera-cloak. Yes, the handkerchief-blouses are still worn, though, of course, it is a last season's fashion. Why not have the sachet-powder sewn into the fronts of your gowns? It is much the easier plan.

CONSTANCE (Biarritz).—I have to-day seen a hat in Bond Street which would exactly suit your claret-coloured cloth frock. It is a broad toque of ruby velvet covered with silk Japanese chrysanthemums in various shades of reddish-brown up to bright raspberry-colour, and others of deep pansy, purple, violet, mauve, and lilac; some upright tightly twisted loops of the velvet have rosettes of ivory lace nestling at both sides, with a bushy black aigrette erect in their midst. There is a very good milliner at Pau who would put these into form for you. I forget her name, but she is not far off the Rue d'Orléans. Violet and cerise are still very much worn in Paris. I regret I cannot help you with your other question, but, having made inquiries, cannot hear of the shop you name.



VELVET AND BLACK FEATHERS.

nights, or at such other extremes as St. Moritz, which is full with the gay, dancing, skating, tobogganing crowd that annually disports itself in that exalted region. Even at Montreux, where sport and gaiety are alike of a milder order than at either of the foregoing, I hear of clear, bright days and capital “lugeing,” which is local slang for the exciting pastime of tobogganing. A new “run” has just been laid down and opened on the St. Moritz principle, and every day visions of flying fair and following escort may be seen flashing by over the snow, which my friends report to be in excellent condition.

At Monte Carlo, last week's extra excitement, over and above some thrilling coups of Mrs. Langtry at those dear green tables, was the arrival of the Princess of Monaco with her daughter, which is, of course, always quite a little event in this toy principality. Haystacks of charming posies were presented to her Highness on arrival by various officials, and a train of eight pretty maidens dressed in the Monaco colours, white and red, bore a superb basket of white exotics as an offering, while enthusiastic *vivas* from the crowd and resounding salutes of cannon from the little fort announced the home-coming of the Princess, who is exceedingly popular with her people, as well as with the various social luminaries, whom she entertains with great magnificence during their annual visits to this most entrancing of all corners in the best of all possible worlds. Madame Christine Nilsson and her husband, the Count de Casa-Miranda, are at Monte Carlo for the season, and a cloak in which the great singer appeared in the Casino Gardens some evenings since has been recounted to me by an observant, ubiquitous, and convenient “little bird,” who, when the mood takes her, sends raey accounts of Monte as she is, but as she cannot always be related lest a too personal side may be given these chronicles. Returning to our cloak, however, which strikes me as very adaptable to Northern needs when driving, the material, a very soft, fine face cloth of bright sapphire, is made in ample folds, and with loose, half-hanging sleeves, so as to go easily over any costume. A velvet cape, wide and reaching half-way to the waist, is made in two flounces, each bordered with chinchilla. The wide collar to match is decorated also with chinchilla heads and bunched-up rosettes of ivory lace, which seems the inseparable accompaniment of fur and velvet this season. A great granny muff of chinchilla accompanies this handsome garment, which is lined with white brocade patterned by mauve chrysanthemums.

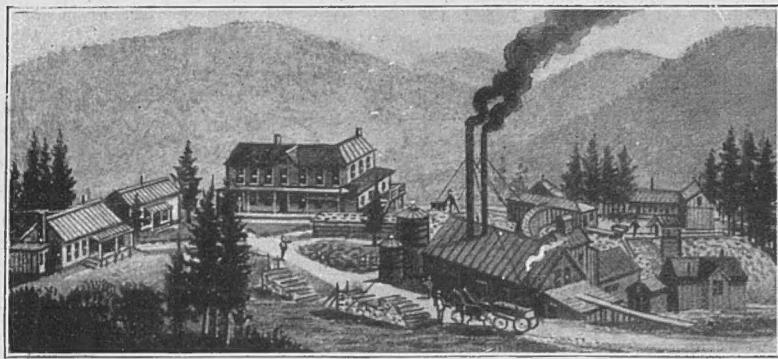
Talking of the South reminds me that dinner-giving women should take advantage of the too short mimosa season by utilising it for their feasts and festivals. No decoration is more, I might say *so*, effective, and sprays of it set in the new hour-glass shaped vases and tied up with yellow ribbons in the middle give a delightful effect, particularly if contrasted with silver boxes, spoons, or toys variously set out on a centre

## CITY NOTES.

*The next Settlement begins on Jan. 27*

## THE TURKISH LOAN OF 1855.

In our remarks on this security and the low price at which it could be bought, last week, we forgot to mention that on the 1st of next month there is a dividend of £2 to come off, so that the actual price is nearer 105½ than the sum we quoted of 107½. For a 4 per cent. stock guaranteed by the British Government the price is absurd, but we suppose the very



LE ROI MINE, ROSSLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

name is enough to deprecate its value by ten or fifteen pounds. Mauritius 3 per cent stock, with an equal guarantee, stands at 118, and Canada 4 per cent. stock, also guaranteed, is called 120. Bankers will lend with freedom upon the bonds, and there can be no doubt that purchasers now will see a good profit before the spring is very far advanced.

## THE ACCOUNT.

The Settlement last week was concluded without any difficulties taking place. Money being more plentiful after the turn of the year, the continuation rates were somewhat lighter. The Making-up list disclosed a general rise as compared with the previous Account. In Colonial Government Securities there was not a single fall recorded, while the rises ranged from 1½ points downwards. Foreign stocks also gave a good account of themselves, South American issues in particular showing a substantial advance. Home Rails, on the strength of dividend prospects, were carried over in some instances considerably higher. The only weak spot in the List was the Indian Railway department, the falls being general on account of the famine now raging in that country. Bombay and Baroda Company fell as many as 14 points, and Great India Peninsula 6 points. It is thought, however, that the market is taking a too gloomy view of the position. Americans are better all round, although not to any appreciable extent. As we have already pointed out in these columns, there will be ups and downs in this department, but a sound, healthy business condition cannot be expected until the currency question has been effectively dealt with. Some substantial rises are to be found in Foreign Railways, Buenos Ayres and Pacific Preference having carried over 12 points higher, while there are numerous other advances ranging from 10 points downwards. The movements in Commercial and Industrials have no special feature beyond rises of 3 and 2½ in Nobel Dynamite Trust (often recommended by us) and J. and P. Coats Ordinary respectively, and a fall of 3 in Bell's Asbestos. Breweries are somewhat irregular in the carry-over, the principal movement being a rise of 50 in Guinness Ordinary. There is no noteworthy feature in the Mining Department.

## HOME RAILWAY MARKET.

We must confess to a feeling of disappointment, not with the Home Railway dividends, but with the extreme sensitiveness of the market as disclosed by the reception given to the first two announced. The two in question—those of the Brighton and the Sheffield—were not representative, but they quite upset the market for the day. On the following day it was cheered up somewhat by the very satisfactory announcements of the Great Eastern and South-Eastern Companies. Still, the two incidents show very clearly that the market is in a touch-and-go condition, and that proportionately a poor dividend will have a greater adverse effect than a good one in the opposite direction.

## SENT TO COVENTRY.

There is, we believe, no truth in the rumour that the next meeting of the British Motor Syndicate is to be held at Calcutta, though, to follow Mr. Harry Lawson's own chain of argument, there is no

reason why the shareholder there, if there be one, who has subscribed on the faith of the name of Prince Ranjitsinhji, should not have a meeting all to himself. By the way, that potentate and famous batsman ought to know that the way in which this company has been floated, and is being conducted, is "not cricket."

It is satisfactory to learn, as the result of the meeting, that there is one person who holds a high opinion of the financial capacity and unblemished reputation of Mr. Harry J. Lawson. Need we add that the person to whom we refer is—Mr. Harry J. Lawson? It was really a pity to waste this testimonial on the Motor-Car Procession in Coventry. It must have been a magnificent experience to "hang with grooms and porters on the bridge," and watch the procession, under the charge of Mr. E. J. Pennington, conveying the shareholders to the meeting. The "spook" Lady Godiva must have shed bitter tears at the thought that she had not a motor-car for her historic journey through the streets in undress. We now have it, on Mr. Lawson's own authority, that he is a most estimable person, and that his companies are worthy of him. What more can we want, unless it were a reconciliation between his statement as to the present value of the shares and the flat contradiction of it by the people who have to deal in them?

## WESTRALIANS.

The magnificent return cabled over by the Hannan's Brownhill Company last week had not only a good effect upon the shares of that company, but also a favourable influence upon the Westralian Market generally. The cable announced that the company had smelted 512 tons, yielding 5519 oz., or an average of 10 oz. 15 dwt. 14 grains per ton, while a note by the secretary stated that many thousands of tons of similar ore are immediately available. This should be cheering news to the shareholders, as, at this rate, the company should very soon be distributing substantial dividends. At the price of about £7 per share, however, it will be noted that good dividends have already been pretty well anticipated. We hear that Menzies Golden Age has at last struck water.

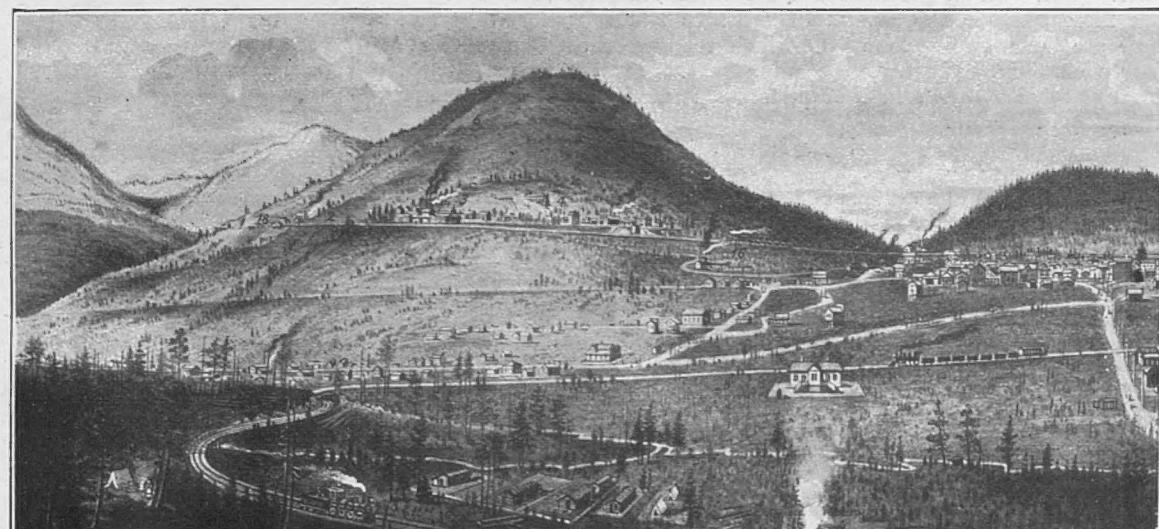
## INVESTMENT STOCKS.

Continuing our review of this subject, we propose, in dealing with Yankee Rails, to confine our remarks to the higher class of mortgages where the interest may be considered safe. Speaking generally, the return which a prudent purchaser can expect to receive from this class of security ranges from 4 per cent. to something just under 5 per cent., for, although this latter rate can be obtained in a few cases, there are generally corresponding drawbacks in the shape of poor security. At the moment, even the better class of American Railway bonds are out of fashion, and in many cases the return is therefore higher than it would otherwise be.

The subject is too large for anything like an exhaustive review, but such bonds as Central of New Jersey Five per Cent. General Mortgage, which give a return of £4 4s. per cent.; or Chicago, St. Louis, and New Orleans Five per Cents, guaranteed by the Illinois Central Company, which return over 4 per cent.; or Cleveland and Marietta Four and a-Half First Mortgage; or Lehigh Valley of New York Four and a-Half First Mortgage, guaranteed by the Lehigh Valley Railway Company, and yielding £4 8s. per cent., with many others, are probably as safe and satisfactory investments as can be found by people who desire this rate of interest; while for the more adventurous spirits, content with such security as the guarantee of the Louisville and Nashville Company or the Baltimore and Ohio Company, we should select Pittsburg and Connellsburg Consolidated Six per Cent. Mortgage, or South and North Alabama Consolidated Five per Cent. Mortgage, or Louisville and Nashville Six per Cent. First Mortgage, which all yield over 5 per cent. at present price.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA.

When we inserted some interesting memoranda on the subject of British Columbian mining last week, we had hoped to reproduce photographs which would have conveyed to our readers an idea of the town of Rossland and its most famous mine. The post, however, failed us. We are now able to rectify the omission, and present the views which should have appeared in our last issue.



ROSSLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

## LADY HAMPTON.

It will be very interesting to see the outcome of the special settlement in Lady Hampton shares, which has, at last, been fixed for the 29th inst. It is not a matter of public interest in a pecuniary sense, except indirectly. The public is not in the business to an extent worth speaking of, and the inner history of the affair practically resolves itself into a conflict between a small group represented by Messrs. Stoneham and Messenger, and another group of whom Mr. R. P. Houston is the figure-head. It has not, at the time of writing, transpired whether any arrangement has been made regarding the terms on which the "bears" are to be allowed to get in. But, even assuming that they are granted generous terms by their successful opponents in the game, they will have a pretty penny to pay.

## EAST RAND.

Everybody interested in South African affairs was waiting anxiously for the arrival of the mails last Monday, in order to obtain "the truth and nothing but the truth" about the notorious East Rand Meeting. The innocent shareholders, who were led through Reuter's Agency into believing that the meeting passed off satisfactorily, have been rudely awakened by the publication of a full report of the discussion, which was not given in the official *soi-disant* verbatim report. In support of this, the Johannesburg correspondent of a daily contemporary emphatically writes that, immediately after the meeting, Reuter's Agency in Johannesburg were induced to cable home, as news, a carefully edited and expurgated account of the meeting, in which only vague mention was made of the bitter and unsparing criticisms indulged in at the meeting. From this statement, and others which have come to hand, we are fully convinced that the meeting was of the controversial character described. The London Committee of the East Rand Company, it appears, asserted that the cabled report was a verbatim one. Surely a report which contains six thousand words, made up solely of the chairman's speech, with the exception of possibly two hundred and fifty words, representing a lengthy discussion, can hardly be termed "verbatim."

## KAFFIR CRUSHINGS.

Comparing the December crushings with those of the previous month, they will be found to be very satisfactory, more particularly when the holidays at the end of the year are taken into consideration. Some of the most notable increases are 2485 oz. in Robinsons, 1980 oz. in New Comets, 1432 oz. in New Heriots, 1345 oz. in New Primrose, 921 oz. in Crown Reefs, and 776 oz. in Knights. On the other hand, there are decreases of 1230 oz. in Langlaagte Estate, 1186 oz. in Jubilee, 585 oz. in Ferreira, and 445 oz. in Jumpers.

## CHANNEL TUNNEL COMPANY.

Although operations in connection with this great tunnel undertaking (commonly called "Watkin's Folly") have been suspended for some time, the annual meetings as they come round serve to keep the scheme from dropping altogether out of the public memory. The chief feature of last week's meeting consisted in passing a resolution that the capital of the company be reduced from £275,000 to £91,351 8s. The chairman was able to inform the meeting that, in return for certain mineral rights and machinery, the company had received 10,000 Preference and 10,000 Ordinary shares of the Kent Coalfields Syndicate. Very little encouragement was held out by the chairman as to a renewal of operations, a great deal depending, as he said, upon our relationships with the French, who for the moment are only frigidly polite to us. It looks as if Sir Edward Watkin will hardly live to see either his tunnel or his tower finished. When his coal concern goes the way of the other two—as it will in good time—the guileless investor will have a third bone to pick with the old gentleman.

## COSTA RICA.

The Council of Foreign Bondholders really want some stirring up with regard to Costa Rica and a few other of the defaulting South American Central States. This institution appears to excel far more in respect of the *suaviter in modo* than of the *fortiter in re*. We are quite aware of the difficulties assailing it on both sides, the cynical indifference of the defaulters on the one hand, and the rapacity of financiers on the other. But, with all due allowance for these difficulties, we must say that there seems to be a want of "grit" about its proceedings, and there are one or two cases in hand which really ought to be taken up more vigorously. What, by the way, about the contemplated step of agitating to ensure the refusal of quotations to new loans of any country remaining in default?

## NEW ISSUES.

The Standard Weldless Tube and Cycle Components, Limited.—By the aid of a prospectus covered with red ink tabs, estimates of profits not yet even begun to be earned, and illustrations worthy of a document produced by the man Lawson, it is hoped by the General Investors Syndicate to induce the investing public to give £130,000 for a patent of Mr. Rudolf Chillingworth for the production of weldless steel tubing. Of course, the cycle industry is to be revolutionised, and, equally of course, this is to be a parent company. As it is not likely the public will respond to the parent's appeal, we doubt the chances of its babies, and strongly urge our readers to button up their trousers-pockets, and let the General Investors Syndicate keep their precious bargain. As allotment is not to take place before the 21st inst., any one can withdraw on reading these remarks if he has been fool enough to apply—which we hardly expect.

The Hannan's Gold Estates, Limited, with a capital of £750,000, proposes to take over 1155 acres of supposed auriferous land in Western Australia, and some of it at Hannan's. Those of our readers who remember the brilliant letters of our West Australian correspondent will have no hesitation in leaving this company alone. We can only add that, having read all the promoters have to say for the land, we would not give one-tenth of what they ask for it.

Saturday, Jan. 16, 1897.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, 'The Sketch' Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

REGINA.—We have received your letter, with card, and are writing you this week.

S. B.—We answered your letter on the 14th inst.

D. J.—We think there is not a chance for the ordinary shareholders to ever get a shilling. Write it off as a bad debt.

J. F. B.—We wrote to you on the 13th inst.

H. F. T.—We should not be sweet on buying more Barnatos for a short investment. It is doubtful if anything is suitable for this purpose at present, but you might try Bantjes, Chartered, or Shebas.

SEA.—There is no great reason to sell the prior lien bonds of the New Zealand Company, but we greatly prefer Trustees and Executors Corporation prior lien bonds, which we consider absolutely safe and which you can buy at 101. The security is simply overwhelming, and the bonds very cheap.

BAWNAGE.—The insurance company is first-rate; indeed, could not be better. It was established in 1838, and has accumulated funds of £4,596,332.

H. L.—We doubt if the shareholders have any grievance of which they can make much at law. We don't like the company, and don't believe in wood rims; but the papers you send us disclose nothing worth fighting over. When the person who signs himself "Shareholder" gives his name, it will be time to consider. On the story of the picture being misleading, we do not think anyone would recover. If the shares were our own, we should hold on.

F. S. G. and C. S.—We wrote to you on the 14th inst.

CASTLE.—Some scheme of rearrangement is sure to be carried out, and, if you don't want the money, we advise you to lock away the shares for a time.

INQUIRER.—(1) We have written so much and so persistently of the merits of this mine that you cannot have been long a reader of our "Notes." It is a good mine, but they have not enough water to run the battery which is erected. This will be put right. (2) We think well of it, but if you want particulars of its exact position, write to Mr. Henry Hess, of the *African Critic*, who has special means of information. The battery has just started with 65 stamps, and 15 more will follow in a week or two.

AUSTRALASIA.—Our information came from a very reliable source, but we are making inquiries, and will tell you next week if we see any reason to doubt it.

A. M. C.—We should sell and reinvest the money in Turkish Loan of 1855, guaranteed by England and France. You will practically double the income with the same security.

S. HELIER.—We really don't know what book to recommend to you. "Shares to bearer involve liability for unpaid capital" means that if you sell such things upon which the whole amount due has not been paid, the buyer can make you pay before he takes delivery. The whole discussion is purely academical, for you are not likely to get shares to bearer unless they are fully paid.

LANSDOWNE.—(1) A concern we do not think you will ever get much good out of. (2) Ditto, only more so. (3) A good mine, we believe. (4) One of Lawson's—well, companies, let us say. There is a talk of amalgamating with the tyre company of the same name, but it won't come about until certain people have bought up enough cheap shares to make it worth their while. (5) We have no reliable information.

DONO.—Do not have anything to do with the concern you name or its shares.

J. P. S.—We will await Mr. Chapman's instructions as to the disposal of the photos.

H. C. H.—We will make inquiries and let you know next week if we can find out.

No. 1 M.—(1) We know little of this concern. You should make inquiries in Manchester. (2) This has been a very unfortunate company, and we see no reason to think it is likely to change its character. Get rid of both.

NOVICE.—You certainly do seem to have a lot of bad eggs. The circular reads very badly; it is evident that the company has got nothing of value down to a hundred feet. The new manager is personally known to us as a good man. You must pay the call, or, at least, the directors can sue you and recover judgment. We should sell and cut the loss. The sooner you learn that if you buy shares not fully paid you are always liable to calls, and cannot get out of your responsibility by giving up your holding, the cheaper it will be for you in the long run.

SACHA.—(1) The railway is, we fear, a bad job; but you had better hold on, for, with mining developments in that region, the receipts will increase. We are asking a correspondent in Regina to give us information, and we will publish it as soon as we get a reply. (2) The bank is in the same state as most of the reconstructed concerns. There does not appear much chance of a call, and certainly none of a dividend at present. We, like you, are victims, or, as the directors prefer to call us, shareholders.

We are asked by the Apollinaris Company to insert the following, which speaks for itself—

## FINANCIAL NEWS, Jan. 8, 1897.

## THE APOLLINARIS COMPANY, LIMITED.

In our issue of Oct. 30 there appeared, under "Voice of the Public," a letter signed "Expert," in which it was alleged: (a) That the Apollinaris Water sold by the Apollinaris Company, Limited, is not a genuine natural mineral water; (b) that the Government of the United States had treated it as an artificial or manufactured water; and (c) that in an action commenced by that Government the proprietors of Apollinaris Water were condemned to pay a fine of many millions. This letter was inserted inadvertently, during the temporary absence of the Editor, and we desire to express our regret for its publication. We are satisfied that the Apollinaris Water sold by the Apollinaris Company is the natural product of the Apollinaris Spring in Germany, and that the allegations of our correspondent are absolutely false and without foundation. In the United States, where there was a heavy and almost prohibitive custom duty on artificial mineral water, while natural mineral waters were admitted free of duty, the United States Government was induced by trade rivals of the Apollinaris Company to investigate whether Apollinaris Water should be classified in the former category. After full and independent investigation, during which the Government sent its own experts to the Apollinaris Spring in Germany to examine and report upon the spring and the process of bottling Apollinaris Water, the Secretary of the Treasury published a decision which declared Apollinaris Water to be a natural mineral water, and, as such, entitled to entry free of duty into the United States. This decision has since been repeatedly confirmed. Under these circumstances we unreservedly withdraw our correspondent's statements, and regret having published them.

The Chancery Lane Safe Deposit and Offices Company, Limited, have opened a Deposit Bank in connection with their Safe Deposit business at 61, 62, Chancery Lane. The company allow compound interest at the rate of 2½ per cent. on all sums deposited with them.

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